

TWO COPIES RECEIVED.



Next Week: The Signing of the Peace Protocol that Ended the War with Spain. Double-page Photograph—Only One Taken.



# LESLIE'S NAVAL WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

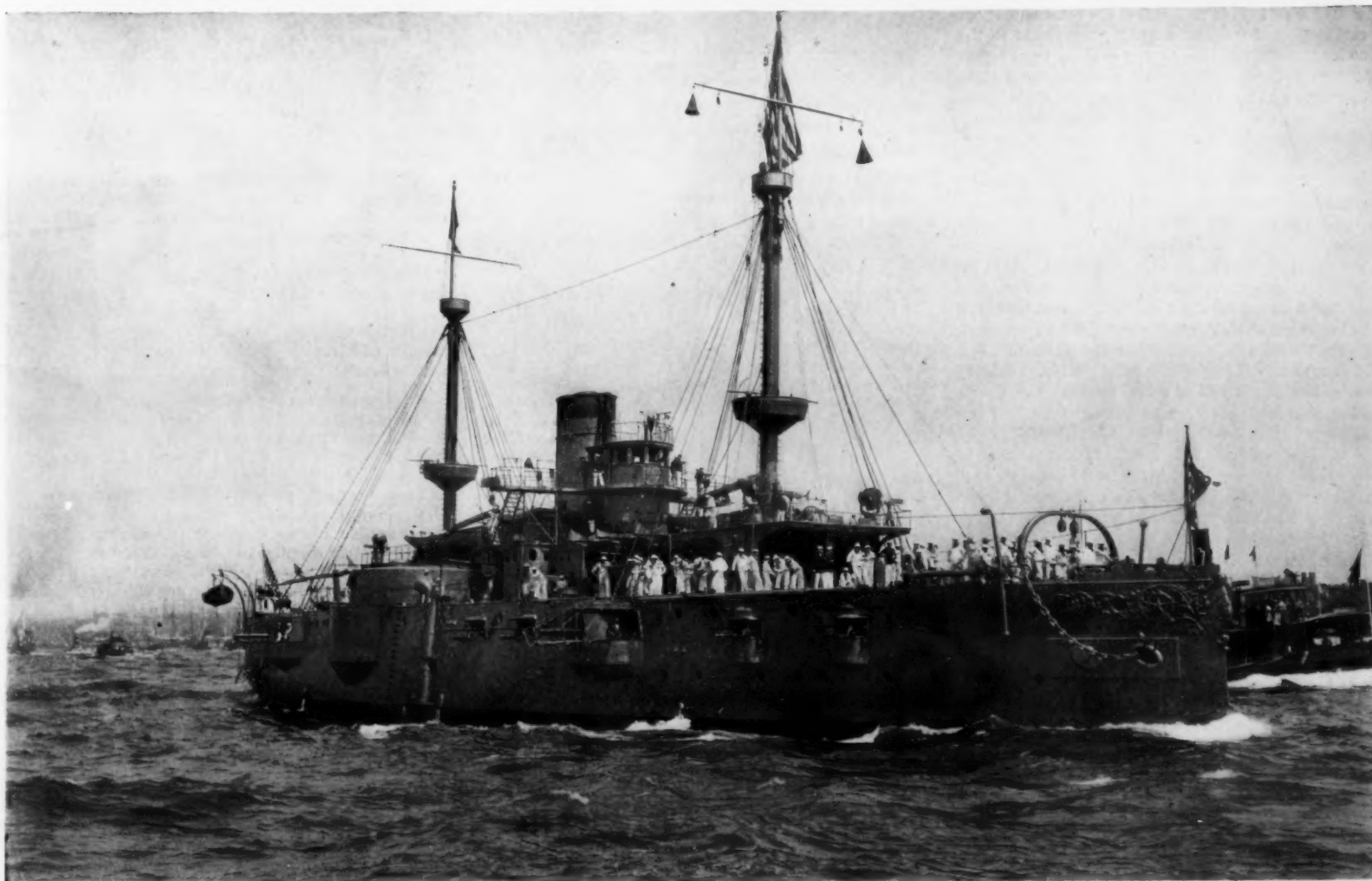
VOL. LXXXVII.—No. 2243.  
Copyright, 1898, by ARKELL PUBLISHING CO., No. 110 Fifth Avenue.  
Title Registered as a Trade-mark. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1898.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" OFF THE BATTERY—NEW YORK'S DOWN-TOWN "SKY-SCRAPERS" IN THE BACKGROUND.—Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Rau.



THE ROUGH AND READY "TEXAS" PLOWING HER WAY BACK TO STATEN ISLAND.—Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Rau.

NEW YORK'S RECEPTION TO THE VICTORIOUS FLEET FROM SANTIAGO HARBOR:



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
LONDON SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1898.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

Subscriptions to all who serve in the United States army or navy at half these regular rates.

SPECIAL WAR RATE: One Dollar to January 1st, to all new subscribers who remit at once.

## Objections to Colonial Expansion Answered.

*It will be contrary to the advice of the fathers of the republic.* To this it may be replied that our course as a nation cannot for all time be shaped to suit the dicta of fallible men in days long past, however wise, high-minded, and far-sighted they may have been. A hundred things have happened in the life of the nation since Washington's day, to seriously affect its political destiny, which no one at that time could foresee. A hundred unexpected problems can only be solved by giving full consideration to new conditions under which they have arisen. Our national domain is much larger and our population much greater than the most far-seeing statesman of a hundred years ago supposed they would be at this time. It is foolish to make a fetish of the political axioms of the past. A hundred years of advancement in knowledge and practical experience have qualified men of our time to judge more correctly as to our present needs as a nation, and to act more wisely in relation thereto, than the founders could do were they now to reappear.

*It will be a departure from the established American policy.* Even if this were strictly true, it would not constitute an insuperable objection. Nations, like individuals, may sometimes find it wisest to depart from an established policy and adopt an entirely new one. National circumstances and conditions change and so must national policies. They may have served well in their day, but there is nothing sacred and inviolable about them. A highly-civilized, progressive, and expansive nation, like ours, cannot be held fast to old systems, old methods, old policies. The Chinese empire is a good illustration of what a nation may become that binds itself to a dead and buried past.

*It will be a departure from the purpose announced in the President's proclamation of war.* To this it may be again answered that unexpected conditions justify an unexpected course of procedure. At the outset of our Civil War it was declared in the most emphatic terms by President Lincoln and other Union leaders that the emancipation of the slaves was not one of the objects of the war, but events so turned at an early date that emancipation came to be recognized by all as imperative. So it now appears thus early in the present struggle that we cannot escape the responsibility of giving civilized, humane, and orderly government to the islands so long misgoverned by Spain. Once in our possession, the only alternative will be either to keep them ourselves or turn them back under the yoke of Spain. From the latter step we shall be forbidden by every consideration of justice and humanity.

*It will entangle us in all the jealousies and antagonisms of other nations.* This does not necessarily follow. Our proposed colonial possessions will be only about 170,000 square miles, an area less than half the State of Texas and smaller than the smallest of the total colonial territory belonging to any of the so-called colonial Powers of Europe. Even little Holland has been able to successfully govern an area over four times as large. Must we confess that we are so weak and impotent, so lacking in the genius of government, that we cannot successfully administer the affairs of a few thousand square miles of distant territory without mixing ourselves up in the quarrels of other nations or making a large and serious departure from the usual conduct of our affairs at home?

*It will make us a military Power, burdened with a standing army and an enormous navy.* It is settled now that we shall largely increase our standing army and maintain a much larger navy, whether we retain any colonies or not. The proposed increase in our possessions will not materially affect this argument. Neither Portugal nor Holland, with a much larger colonial area than we shall have, finds the expense of colonial government burdensome. Holland spends only about \$500,000 a year for this purpose. And against all additional expenditure which the possession of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines will entail upon us, we shall have an offset the revenues of these islands and the value of an enormously increased trade with them, such as we could not have while they remain under the dominion of Spain.

*It will open a fresh field for corruption and an extension of the spoils system.* To admit this as an objection to colonial expansion is to confess that we are retrograding as a nation; that we are lower in the scale of civilization than the nations of Europe; that we are so inefficient in the art of self-government that we cannot be trusted away from home.

It is to confess that a majority of our people are knaves or fools. We have repeatedly extended our area during the past century over lands and peoples as alien to us, as in the cases of New Mexico and Alaska, as the inhabitants of Hawaii and the Philippines, and have met with no problems of government that we have not been able to solve successfully. Alaska is much farther away from our original territorial limits than Cuba is, and when it was annexed Alaska presented obstacles as difficult to overcome as will be found in any of the territories we now propose to take. No one will claim that our possession of Alaska has not been of increasing advantage to us and that we have not governed it wisely and well. What we have done in Alaska in the way of government we can do elsewhere.

## The Unlaureled Brave.

HERE'S to Admiral Dewey,  
To Sampson, Watson, and Schley—  
He smashed them at Manila,  
They caught them on the fly  
As they steamed from the leaguered harbor,  
Across the blue expanse—  
And here's to the other heroes  
That didn't get a chance!

Here's to the dauntless cruiser  
That sailed around the Horn;  
Here's to the ships that crossed the sea  
To where the day is born.  
Here's to "Fighting Bob" and Hobson,  
Those paladins of romance—  
And here's to the other heroes  
That didn't get a chance!

To the men that stormed the trenches  
On Santiago's heights,  
Young volunteers, and veterans  
Of deadly Indian fights;  
To the riders rough, as knightly  
As those of shield and lance—  
And here's to the other heroes  
That didn't get a chance!

Here's to the men that fed the fire,  
To the men that served the gun;  
To those who fought, and those who fell  
Ere the fight was well begun.  
Oh! straight they shot and fierce they struck  
And led the dons a dance—  
And here's to the other heroes  
That didn't get a chance!

They gave themselves as freely,  
They bore the life of camp,  
They faced the deadly fever,  
The tropic heat and damps:  
For all their faith and courage,  
The fools of circumstance—  
Our boys, as brave as any,  
Who never had a chance!

SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUF

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

## Letters from the Front!

No doubt many of the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* are in receipt of entertaining letters from relatives and friends at the seat of war. Several of these have been submitted to us from time to time and have been found well worth publishing. We would be glad to print any others that may be of sufficient interest to entitle them to publication. We will use such as are available without revealing the identity of the writer, if objection to identification is made. Address *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## Facts for Fault-finders.

WITH the directness which marks a first-class business man, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew put the question plainly to General Alger, the Secretary of War, as to the work that the latter had accomplished in the way of outfitting the army for the field, the conduct of the campaign, etc., and with that readiness of response which marks a first-class executive officer, General Alger replied in a letter of absorbing interest. It is the best answer that can be made to the critics of the administration.

Secretary Alger says that 268,500 men in the field were provided for at short notice, 216,000 of them volunteers—mere raw recruits, prodigal of their robust health as they were of everything else, and going into camp feeling that they could stand anything, until they were stricken with disease. Some army-corps commanders enforced the sanitary regulations, and in their camps the sickness was less than two per cent.; while in others, where the management was careless and indifferent, the sick reached alarming figures.

When the army was sent to Santiago it was supplied with three months' provisions, an abundance of hospital stores, and lighters to unload them. These lighters were lost in a storm, as were also two tons of lighters sent to take their places. The navy then supplied lighters, and one of these was wrecked, and the army itself embarked with only a portion of its supplies and medical stores. The packers fell sick, heavy rains made the roads impassable, and pack animals had to follow up the army as it advanced. The secretary says that General Shafter was fortunate in moving forward to the attack while his men were in vigor, and that the result of his audacity "was one of the greatest victories, for the men engaged, of modern warfare."

That some men have been neglected on transports coming home, General Alger admits, and he admits also that some of this neglect may have been due to carelessness and negligence, but some of it was properly chargeable to the illness of medical officers.

Summarizing the work of the war, Secretary Alger says the adjutant-general's department has mustered 216,400 volunteers and 24,900 regulars; the chief of engineers has expended \$5,830,000 for harbor defenses, etc.; the surgeon-general has organized the medical corps and furnished medical supplies, in answer to demands from all over the country, and from camps at Santiago, Porto Rico, and Manila; the commissary-general has purchased and distributed nearly 111,000,000 pounds of rations; the quartermaster-general has transported 82,638 men, with artillery equipments and supplies, to Honolulu, Manila, Santiago, Porto Rico, and home; also, 40,582 animals, thousands of wagons, and more than 6,250,000 articles of clothing and camp equipage. Nearly 2,000,000 pounds of food and forage have been distributed daily to the army. These are facts in concrete form, and they answer a volley of criticisms most unjustly hurled in the direction of the War Department.

The thanks of the public are due to Dr. Depew for seeking official information in this matter, and to General Alger for promptly, fully, and satisfactorily furnishing it.

## New York's Glad Hand.

It was unfortunate that so little time was available in which to announce the reception in New York harbor on Saturday, August 20th, to the returning fleet of Admiral Sampson. Only a few days' notice of the affair could be given, and the celebration was therefore largely confined to the residents of greater New York and the surrounding country. Yet, to look upon the vast multitude assembled to welcome the war-ships, one would have thought that the entire nation was paying its tribute. The event was historic. It seemed as if every man, woman, and child who could find available seating or standing room within sight of the fleet was on hand, filled with enthusiasm for the brave men who had performed such distinguished service in behalf of their country.

It was a holiday for every one. Exchanges, shops, banks, factories, business houses, all were closed. As if by a common impulse and inspired by the highest patriotism, the people flung to the breeze every bit of bunting they could find, and waited long hours to give expression to the fullness of their welcome to Uncle Sam's jack tars. A finer manifestation of patriotism and of gratitude this country has never seen. It was a day long to be remembered by all who took part in the affair, or who witnessed the ceremonial. *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* first suggested the reception, and its illustrations of the event, published in this issue, disclose the magnificence of a spectacle that will be remembered for all time.

## The Plain Truth.

WAR has been an exceedingly expensive luxury to Spain. Spanish colonial wars from March, 1895, to August 1st, 1898, involved the enormous expenditure of \$400,000,000 and a loss of over 100,000 lives; and this does not include the bill of costs which Spain must settle with the United States.

It is not so much a matter of surprise that the London *Saturday Review*, or any other paper of its peculiar character, should say unkind things regarding one of the most honored and able of Americans, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, but it is surprising that any New York newspaper of reputation and standing, like the *Sun*, should find room to reprint such rubbish.

It is hoped that the decision of Pension Commissioner Evans, that the Civil War veterans who have enlisted in the Spanish war have thereby sacrificed their present pensions, will not be final. It would be a poor reward for patriotism to decide that because these veterans have been so brave and patriotic as to enlist in two wars they have forfeited pensions to which they were justly entitled.

A decided difference of opinion exists among the politicians of both parties, regardless of party affiliations, in reference to the extension of our colonial possessions. Nearly all the Republican State Convention platforms favor the retention of all the colonies we captured from Spain, but once in a while there is a dissenting voice. The Wyoming Democratic State Convention platform distinctly favors the retention of all territory upon which the American flag floats, and some of the strongest advocates of this policy are Democrats of the sturdy mould of Senator Morgan, of Alabama. So the colonization issue can hardly be made a political one.

It is a common impression that the conditions of army life are invariably such as to leave little or no room for the exercise or development of religious feeling. The tendency of such a life is believed to be, in fact, strongly toward the lowering of moral standards. It is gratifying to know that this does not hold true of life in our American armies. It is the testimony of General O. O. Howard, who has been engaged in religious work in our camps at Chickamauga, Tampa, and elsewhere, that the soldiers are remarkably receptive to spiritual influences. The meetings held by himself, Major Whittle, and other evangelists were thronged by eager listeners. A strong side light is thrown on the religious character of our military and naval leaders by a sentence from a letter by the late Captain Gridley, one of the heroes of Manila, written to his mother just after the battle and dated on deck of the flag-ship *Olympia*. In this letter, after speaking of the "splendid victory won over the Spaniards," the captain says: "I am truly thankful to our Heavenly Father for His protection during our battle, and shall give Him daily thanks." This is the utterance of a Christian warrior and a true man. No less notable was the conduct of Captain Philip, of the *Texas*, in summoning his men about him, immediately after the destruction of Cervera's fleet, with bared heads, to give thanks to Almighty God. Our cause is just and holy, and it has succeeded because our leaders, from President McKinley down, are men of Captain Gridley's stamp, men of reverent spirit and righteous character.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—NASHVILLE was the city of conventions the first week in July. The great international Christian Endeavor convention



HON. W. D. TURNLEY.

for the first time met in the South. It was the occasion of several other gatherings of more or less note. Perhaps the largest and most important, next the Christian Endeavor gathering, was the State Prohibition convention, which nominated Hon. W. D. Turnley, of Clarksville, to be the candidate for the Governorship of Tennessee. He is one of the most prominent prohibitionists in the Southland, and will no doubt poll a largely increased vote. He was the nominee of his party in 1890 for Congress in the Sixth District, and received 1,300 votes. He is a man of wide information and large business experience, and has the utmost confidence of a large circle of friends. He is an experienced journalist, a contributor to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and was a member of the National Educational Association when it made the famous visit to Mexico and called upon President Diaz in 1888. Mr. Turnley is thirty-seven years of age, and in the prime of splendid manhood. If he were the nominee of one of the old parties he would doubtless be elected, although they are pretty evenly divided in Tennessee. His platform strongly denounces the "post canteen" system in operation at the United States military camps. The Democratic candidate, Hon. Benton McMillin, also received a unanimous nomination, and is very popular.

—If all who are born to great wealth would follow the example of Miss Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, in the use they make of it, there would be no occasion for the slurs often cast upon the inheritors of riches. Miss Gould devotes none of her time to the frivolities of fashionable society, and never figures in the splurgy social events of the season. Her name is seldom seen in print except in connection with some of the many charitable enterprises in which she is interested and to which she gives continually of her time and most liberally of her means. One day recently Miss Gould entertained at her country home at Lyndhurst 100 self-supporting young women from New York and Brooklyn. She herself received the guests and escorted them about the grounds. Luncheon was served on the lawn overlooking the Hudson. When the party returned in the evening each of the young women carried an orchid from Miss Gould's conservatories. Earlier on the same day she entertained about fifty children of the workmen employed at Lyndhurst. The most beautiful of all the charities in which Miss Gould is interested is the institution known as Woody Crest, a home where crippled and invalid children, gathered in from city tenements, are given skillful nursing and tender care. This home is near Lyndhurst, is entirely maintained by Miss Gould, and conducted under her personal direction. These and many other good deeds are performed quietly and unostentatiously, and it is only because of the ubiquitous reporter that the world comes to know of any of them. Miss Gould is much averse to publicity for herself and for her work, and shuns it as far as possible. Since the death of her parents she has had the good fortune to have as her most intimate friend and confidential adviser Mrs. Russell Sage, wife of the eminent financier. The relations existing between the two have been like those of a mother and daughter, and it cannot be doubted that Miss Gould has greatly profited by the motherly counsel of the gracious and gentle woman who has stood close by her all these years.

—General Roy Stone, who went with General Miles's expedition to Porto Rico as inspector and repairer of roads, is one of the most resourceful men in the United States. He did most valuable service during the Civil War, when he commanded the Pennsylvania regiment of sharpshooters known as the "bucktails." General Stone was wounded several times, and at Gettysburg he was left on the field for dead. In that decisive fight he commanded the remnants of a brigade. On the first day of the great battle his brigade was stationed in the cutting of a roadway, the banks of which served as protection. He was ordered to hold his position against an enemy advancing in force. He said he could not do it. He was told that he must, else the day would be lost. Instead of waiting to be run over, as was inevitable had he stayed in the roadway, General Stone advanced his small force toward the approaching enemy. The enemy, naturally thought that this advance was a general movement and that this small body was supported in force. So the enemy stopped to see what was coming. When the enemy moved on again General Stone's command was practically wiped out of existence; but he had caused delay and so gained time for a proper disposition of troops to meet the advance. For this very gallant act he was



GENERAL ROY STONE.

made a brigadier-general. In the time between these wars General Stone has practiced as a civil engineer, and has been sent for many times by army engineers with difficult work to do. Difficulties stir his inventive faculties, and he is always ready with a solution, no matter how novel the problem may be. For four or five years he has had charge of the bureau of roads in the United States Department of Agriculture. As an authority on roads he is second to no one in this country. General Stone is about fifty-seven years old, and is of most refined and handsome appearance. It is said of him, however, that in action his polish is the polish of cold steel and his beauty the beauty of consuming fire. In Porto Rico, as every one has learned from the press dispatches, General Stone seems always to have been in the van of the army, not only inspecting roads, but acting as scout as well. In one instance he and half a dozen newspaper correspondents captured a town without other aid.

—A brother of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, wife of the famous electrician, was one of the brave



MR. THEODORE W. MILLER.

rough riders who fell wounded in front of Santiago on the 1st of July. His death ensued on the 8th of July, a week later. Theodore W. Miller, of Company D, of the rough riders, was only twenty-three years old, was graduated last year from Yale with honor, and was studying law in New York City when the war broke out. He was one of the first to enlist in Roosevelt's rough riders, and, with his brother, John V. Miller, now assistant-engineer on the *Marblehead*, hastened to the front and was foremost in the fierce onslaught at Santiago, in which the brave young patriot lost his life. President McKinley is lending his personal assistance to an effort to have the remains brought from Cuba to Mr. Miller's home.

—No reader of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* has failed to appreciate the splendid work done at the front, and particularly at Santiago, by our special war artist and correspondent, Charles M. Sheldon. Mr. Sheldon is a well-known London artist, and has done magnificent work in several fields of English valor for the well-known London illustrated paper, *Black and White*. When he came to this country we were able to avail ourselves of his superior services. Mr. Sheldon was one of the first of the leading war artists to go to the front, starting in at Tampa, following our troops to Cuba, and marching with them in the bloody battle of Caney, and in all the conflicts before the surrender of Santiago. Our picture shows him as he appeared in camp near Caney. As a result of the privations he endured, he fell ill after the surrender of Santiago, was compelled to return to New York, whence he sailed for London a few days ago. Mr. Sheldon's work and his contributions have attracted general attention, and have added greatly to his reputation as an artist of talent and an observant, accurate, and intrepid correspondent.



W. RANKIN GOOD.

—The movement started by W. Rankin Good, a Cincinnati school-boy, looking to the building of a battle-ship to replace the *Maine*, and to be called *The American Boy*, is progressing favorably. The school-boys and girls of the United States are asked to contribute, and young Mr. Good, who has associated with him another Cincinnati lad, Harry J. Price, has thus far obtained \$35,000 in subscriptions from the school-children in the West. The boys are now seeking contributions in the East, and spending their vacation in this patriotic work, which has behind it the support of President McKinley, ex-President Harrison, the leading members of the Cabinet, and of other prominent Americans. Master Good is seventeen years old, is a good talker, and deeply in earnest. He and his wide-awake associate do not hesitate to present their proposition in any quarter where there is hope of a favorable reception. We call the attention of these patriotic lads, however, to the suggestion made by an American girl residing in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and addressed to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, that if the new war-vessel is to be built in part by subscriptions of American school-girls, the name of *American Boy* should give place to something that would indicate that the girls had a hand in the enterprise as well as the boys. The suggestion

of *Young America* or *American Youth* for a name is a good one.

—There was no class poem read at Harvard this year. While Class Orator Grilk was delivering his oration at Harvard, June 24th, criticising the administration for plunging the country into what he termed an unnecessary war, the man selected months ago for the position of class poet, Guy Hamilton Scull, of Boston, was at the gates of Santiago, striking a blow for Cuban liberty and Christian humanity. When Theodore Roosevelt announced his intention of raising a regiment of rough riders Scull was among the first to volunteer. When it seemed improbable that he would return to read the class poem, the seniors met and at a mass meeting unanimously voted to go without a poem this year. It was also voted at the same meeting not to fill the place of second marshal held by Lieutenant Goodrich, of the rough riders, whose picture appeared in a recent number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. Scull has been prominent in literary circles throughout his college course, and has also given considerable time to athletics. He was president of the *Harvard Advocate*, and contributed to several magazines and daily papers. Scull rowed at number three in his freshman year, and also rowed with his class crew in the class race of his sophomore year. He and Goodrich enlisted in Roosevelt's rough riders on the same day. He is a stalwart, fine-looking young man.



GUY HAMILTON SCULL.

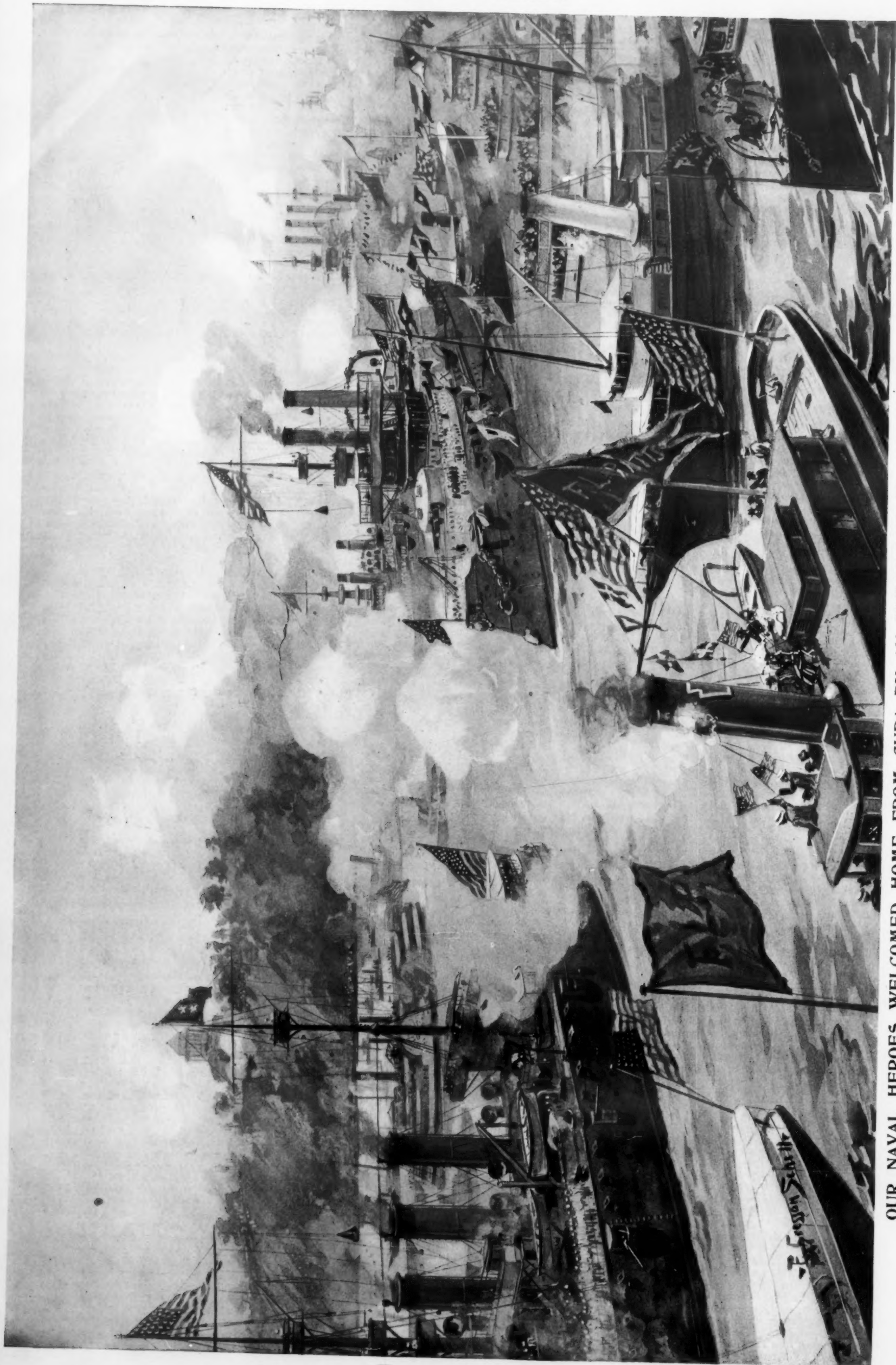
—The courtly French ambassador, Monsieur Cambon, who was intrusted by Spain with the difficult task of ascertaining the terms of peace which this country would offer to Spain, is of medium stature, with light hair, whiskers and mustache, slightly tinged with gray, and is but fifty-three years old. He was born in Paris, educated at the law university in that city, served in the French army during the war with Prussia, and then entered the public service as a civil officer attached to the staff of the Governor-general of Algeria. He was appointed to succeed his brother as prefect of the Department of the North, and, in 1889, was made prefect to the Rhone. Two years later he was appointed Governor of Algeria, from which post he was transferred to Washington, succeeding the French minister at that time, who had been transferred to Madrid. It will be observed that Monsieur Cambon has had many years' experience in public life, mainly devoted to foreign service, and that he was, therefore, well qualified for the arduous duty which Spain intrusted to him.

—An especially acceptable appointment is that of the Hon. Robert P. Porter, by President McKinley, to the place of special commissioner to Cuba and Porto Rico. He is to report in relation to the condition of the industry, commerce, currency, and banking systems of the Antilles, and will proceed to Havana with the military commission recently appointed by the President, and make his final report, no doubt, in time to render it available for use by the President in connection with his annual message to Congress. This appointment, we are glad to learn, is only temporary, and will not, therefore, take Mr. Porter permanently from the field of journalism, in which he has done such superb work. Though about forty-five years old, Mr. Porter has had a long journalistic career. He began metropolitan newspaper work with the *Chicago Inter Ocean* the year that journal was started, 1872, before he was twenty years of age. His first statistical and economic work related to municipal government, and articles of his may be found on these topics in the old *Galaxy* and *Princeton Review* of more than twenty years ago. In 1880 he was invited by General Francis A. Walker to make a report on the wealth, debt, and taxation of the United States, and on transportation for the tenth census. In this field Mr. Porter was a pioneer, laying the foundation for the present valuable statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In 1881 Mr. Porter wrote "The West in 1880," a statistical and economic history of all the Western States. In 1882 President Arthur appointed him a member of the tariff commission. It was with this work that for many years Mr. Porter was most widely known, and after spending three or four years in studying industrial regions of Europe for the *New York Tribune*, Philadelphia *Press*, and many other leading journals, he, with the late Frank Hatton, founded the *New York Press*. In 1889 he was called by President Harrison to take charge of the eleventh United States census, practically completing the work in 1893. Mr. Porter again resumed his economic studies abroad, taking up his old questions relating to government of cities, railways, commerce, and industry. In the course of these studies Mr. Porter made a useful report on the industries and commerce of Japan for the Manufacturers' Association of the United States. In 1896 he wrote the "Life of William McKinley." He has just completed a work on "Street Railways at Home and Abroad," touching on the question of municipal ownership, which will be published this fall. Mr. Porter is a resident of New York and actively engaged in journalistic and economic work. The present appointment will give him another and most useful experience.



HON. ROBERT P. PORTER.

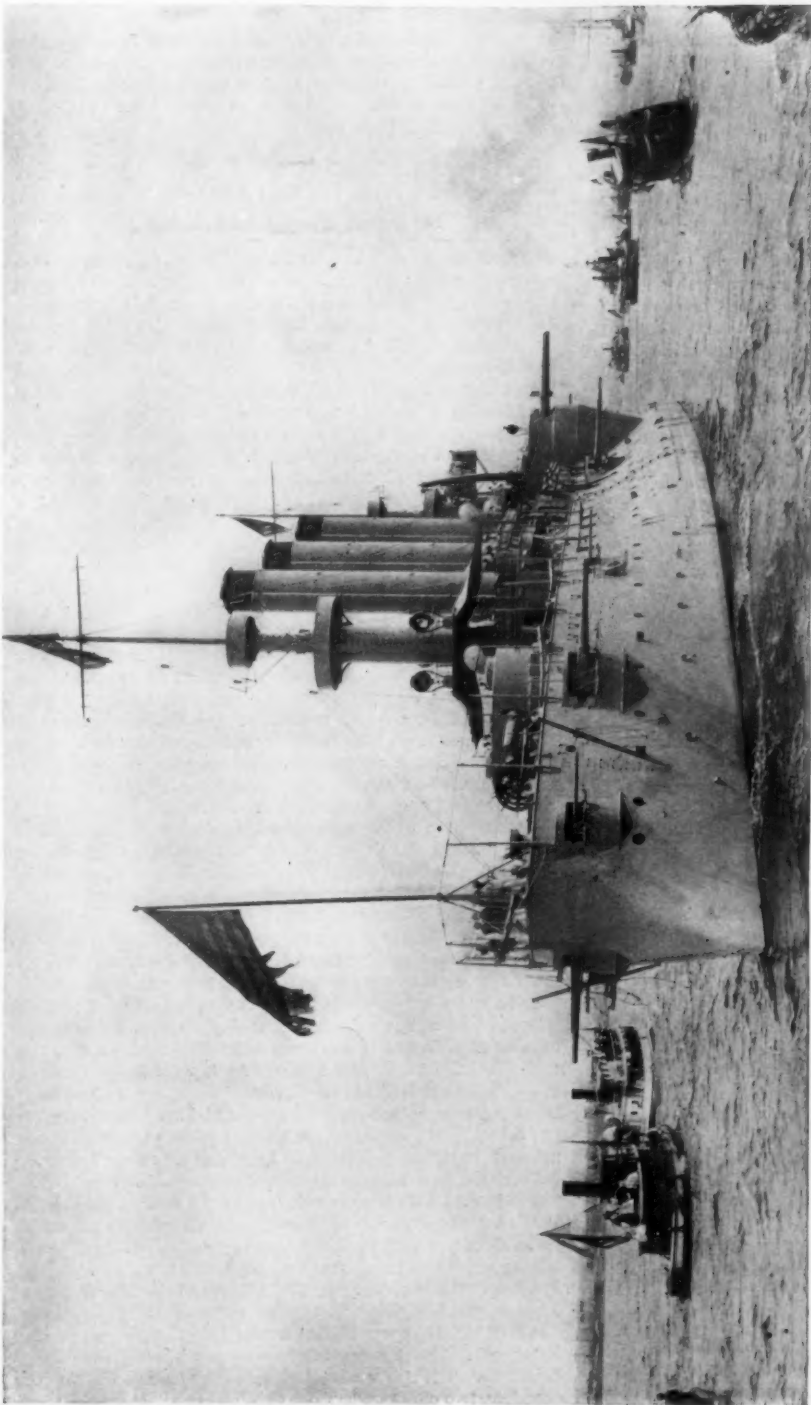




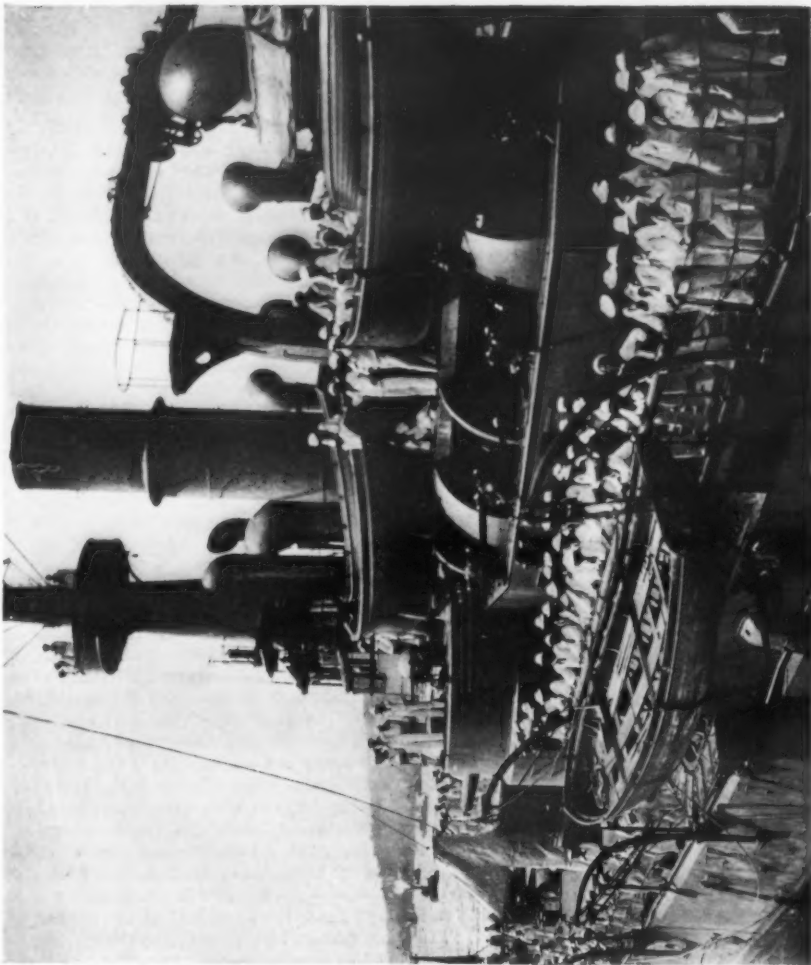
**OUR NAVAL HEROES WELCOMED HOME FROM CUBA BY AN UNPARALLELED OUTPOURING OF THE PEOPLE.**

THE FLEET OF SAMPSON AND SCHLEY SALUTING AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK CITY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH, IN THE MIDST OF THE GREATEST GATHERING OF OCEAN AND RIVER CRAFT EVER ASSEMBLED IN THE UNITED STATES.

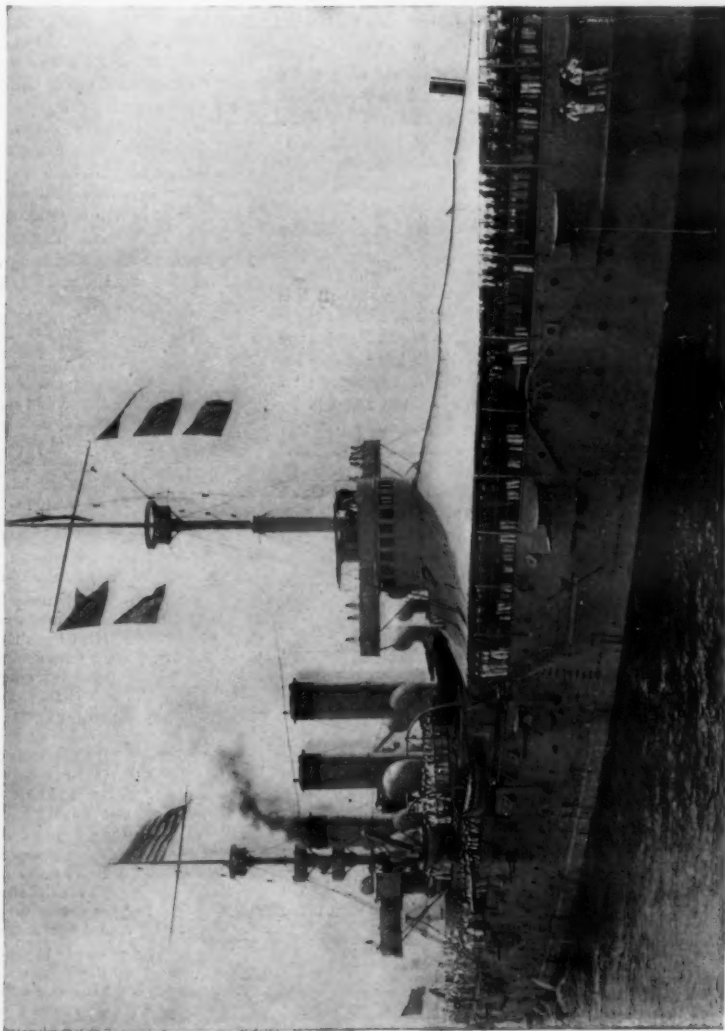




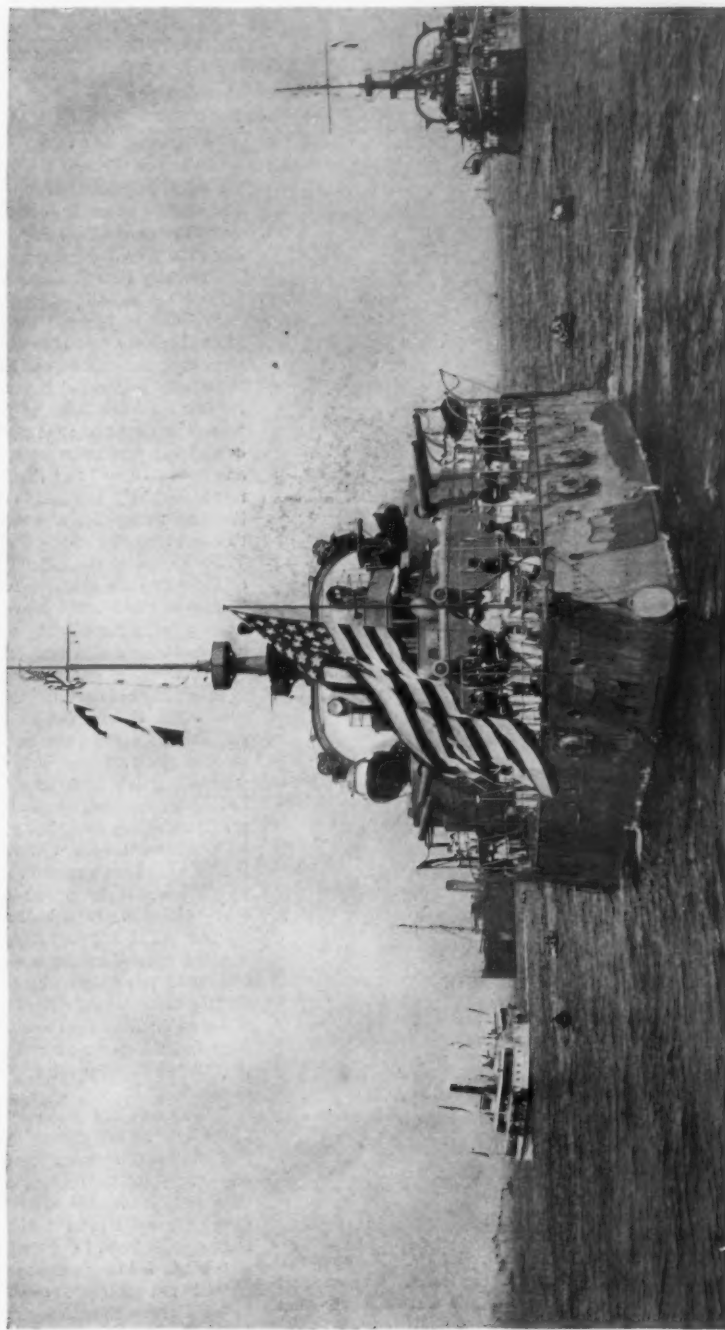
REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S FORMER FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN," IN THE LOWER BAY OF NEW YORK WITH HER TATTERED COLORS FLYING.  
*Copyright, 1888, by W. H. Rau.*



THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA" AS SHE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK BAY, THE CREW EAGERLY WELCOMING THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE GREAT CITY.



REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP NEW YORK—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE MAYOR VAN WYCK WAS DELIVERING NEW YORK'S WELCOME ABOARD THE SHIP.



THE BULLDOG OF THE NAVY—THE "OREGON" AS SHE APPEARED IN THE BAY AFTER HER TUMULTUOUS RECEPTION.  
*Copyright, 1888, by W. H. Rau.*

#### FOUR OF OUR NAVY'S BEST FIGHTERS.

AFTER THEIR SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS THEY RETURN TO NEW YORK HARBOR LOOKING AS GOOD AS NEW.

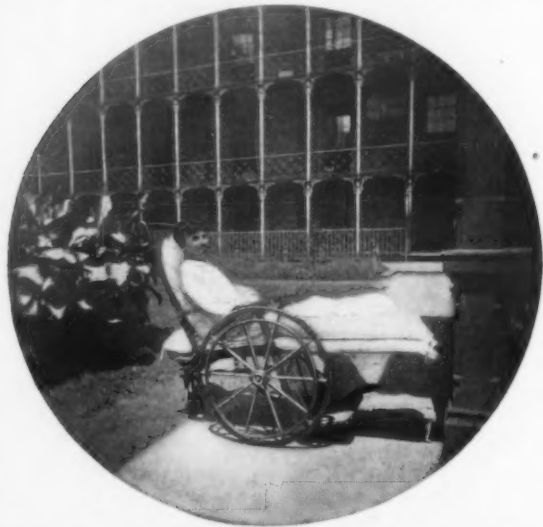


## STORIES OF THE WOUNDED.—II.

EXPERIENCE OF A CORPORAL WHO LAY ON THE GROUND, WOUNDED, FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS, WITHOUT FOOD OR DOCTOR.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

I SAW him first in front of the pavilion, where he was taking the sun. He was stretched on a rolling-chair. His right leg was



held straight out before him at a slight elevation, and ended in a club of bandages, so that he seemed to be aiming a queer white cannon at the bushes. His right foot was gone. He was a man under thirty, with intelligent eyes and a ready smile. When he spoke it was plain that he came from the West, for he had that even drawl in his voice which bespeaks Kansas; indeed, his home had been in Wichita. He was a corporal of Troop B, First Cavalry.

"Did it hurt you much," I asked, "when you got hit?"

"Oh," he said, slowly, his eyes brightening with many little wrinkles, "it was tough enough, but I have no kick comin'."

"Was it a bullet that hit you?"

"No, 'twas a piece of shrapnel. But I got two Mausers through my leg, one through the right thigh and one through the left, so's to have no cause for jealousy." And he chuckled quietly.

"Where did it happen?"

"Top o' San Juan hill, 1st of July, after the charge up. Took longer gettin' down. I was eighteen hours on the field—all one night and half the next day."

"What! without medical attendance?"

He nodded and smiled.

"Who looked after your wounds?"

"I did, when I could, with the first-relief kit. The compress stopped the foot bleeding—that was the worst. I knew it ud have to come off. The legs up here didn't matter much—that was only a case of two holes."

"Didn't you have anything to eat?"

"There was no stuff there to eat. But I had a canteen of water, which was great luck."

"Couldn't the other soldiers help you?"

"Naw, there was no use in their monkeyin' with me. They was 'most as bad off—some was worse off. They'd sing out a word to me once in a while, but that was all they could do. Some were fighting and some were dying, and after a while they had to sleep a little on the ground."

Something happened here to stop my questioning, but I saw the corporal next day in the ward, leg out straight just as before, and the same smiles and drawls. A lady in black who was going about the ward had just given him a rose, and he was looking at it in a glass of water.

"They're awful good to us here," he said; "they give us about everything you could think of. A lady came in this morning and gave us ice-cream. We ain't got any kick comin'."

The soldier in the next cot confirmed this statement, with the testimony that some gent had bought his slouch hat the day before for five dollars, and the corporal, chuckling, suggested that factories up in Connecticut would soon spoil the market by turning out soldiers' hats with Santiago bullet-holes through them, warranted made at Santiago. We all laughed at this, and remarked that they all seemed to enjoy hospital life.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we smoke and laugh, and some of us we die—there was a lad in that empty cot yesterday—but we keep our spirits up, whatever comes."

Just then a nurse came down the line, taking temperatures. Each man slipped a hand inside his pajamas, drew out a little thermometer from under his arm, and handed it to her.

"Sounds like a conductor takin' up tickets, don't it?" said the corporal. "Thermometer, please—thank you." "Thermometer, please—thank you." And his eyes wrinkled into smiles.

"Does your leg pain you much?" I asked.

"Naw, not to 'mount to anything. The worst is when the toes begin to itch and the sole of my old foot that ain't there gets ticklin'. Then I reach down and try to scratch a place that's about eight inches out in the air. That's where I had all the pain after they cut it off—out in the air."

Here a voice sounded beside us—a full, confident voice that suggested a book-agent. "Anything I can do for you to-day, gentlemen? Tobacco, pipes, cigarettes?"

A red-faced man stood there with a big basket heaped with tobacco and all that pertains thereto. The corporal took three packages of smoking tobacco.

"Don't you chew?" asked the man.

"Don't chew," said the corporal.

"Can't I give you a pipe?"

"Got a pipe," said the corporal.

So the red-faced man went on from cot to cot, announcing his stock at each.

And so on through the list, and so on from cot to cot. He seemed disappointed when the soldiers took little from his basket, and pleased when they took much.

"That's more stuff they give away. It beats all how they do like us soldiers."

Presently I asked him to tell me about the charge up San Juan hill.

"Well," he began, "that San Juan fight was a fight that meant business. That's about all you can say. I got on the hot line about one o'clock, and was hit about five. When we crossed the stream we stacked haversacks and blanket-rolls and went in for fair. I don't know as you'd call it so very exciting, but it was a little hard on the nerves. We'd shoot a while, and then go down on the ground a while and wait. Then an order'd come, and we'd go ahead and shoot some more. Then we'd wait some more. You'd 'a' laughed to see the boys smokin' and firin' all at the same time. Lots o' men had cigarettes in their mouths right through the thick of it. But here is a funnier thing than that. When we struck the hill and began charging up there were two or three boys near me who kept humming to themselves—not loud, just so's I could hear it—while they went up through the bullets, firing for all they were worth. 'There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.' And some of them didn't finish the song, either."

"But most of us didn't do so much singing as hollering. We just yelled to beat the band; every fellow let out his lungs to suit himself, and I guess no two yelled the same thing, but it made a good effect. Yes, sir," he added, dropping his chin judiciously, "it's my opinion that yell helped things out—a whole lot. Any way, we got up all right and the Spaniards ran. But pretty soon they came back at us from the other side. Then we let 'em have it with a Gatling gun that two mules had just hauled up. That's an exciting thing—when a Gatling gun opens up; it sounds like a mowing-machine working real hard, and every clack means a bullet. They got all they wanted, the Spaniards did, but they fixed me. The first thing I knew I was doubled up and rolling somersaults down the hill as if somebody'd whacked me with a club. When I quit rolling I could feel the blood oozing out of my legs, and after a while I got to work on myself with the kit. You want to believe those bandages and things we carried helped a lot. I'd probably 'a' died if it hadn't been for mine. You see, I had to wait so long for a doctor."

"Why was that?"

"Well," he said, lowering his voice as if to impart a secret, "the fact is there wasn't near enough hospital outfit along with the show—not near enough. So we just had to wait. It was three o'clock the next afternoon when they got me back to the division hospital, and I didn't get a mouthful to eat until the next night. Then I got a cup of gruel."

"When did they amputate your foot?"

"Oh, not until two weeks later, when I was put on the Relief. You see, they thought they might save it. Some say they could have saved it if there'd been doctors enough around to dress it oftener, but I guess that ain't so. I guess they did all there was to do. My foot had to come off, anyhow; that's the way I size it up."

I hesitated to ask him a question that was in my mind, but the look on his face was so cheery that I finally ventured:

"Well, what do you think you will do now, when you get your discharge?"

"Oh," he said, "I guess I'll go back home and get a job book-keeping. I studied that before I joined the army. I'll take things sort of easy now. I ain't so full of war spirit as I was before this thing started. I suppose, though, I'll wind up like the rest of the boys and find a good dry-goods box somewhere to sit on and a sharp knife to whittle with, and then I'll just keep the town stirred up, tellin' fairy tales about the war."

And that was the last I saw of the corporal.

## To England.

GREAT motherland, our hearts to thee  
Go out across long leagues of flood;  
While still our cohorts face the fray,  
Yet clearer gleams the dawning day  
When gentle peace, swift-soaring free,  
Shall reign where now is hate and blood.  
And while our hands brief stay may take  
From all the crowding claims of war,  
We stretch them out to meet thee own;  
Thy conduct, motherland, hath shown  
The mother-love no years may break,  
For this the child thy greatness bore.  
We deem it none the less thy deed,  
That Britain's voice, and not her arms,  
Held back the clamoring dogs that growl  
In vain desire to plundering prow!  
The fields our might so long hath freed  
From their rude raids and war's alarms.  
Perchance dark days may come when thee,  
The elder land, shall be beset  
By harrying hosts of foreign foes.  
God save this strife! yet if it close  
And England call across the sea,  
Our Yankee hearts will not forget.  
Our banners merged with thine shall blend  
To form a new "red, white, and blue";  
Two armies and two fleets shall bear  
To all the world that potent prayer  
For peace that armed might may send  
And Anglo-Saxon strength bring true.  
So shall our blood-born fate be met;  
So the large ends of race be wrought;  
That other hearts in younger years  
May gain the good our union rears,  
And wrong and darkness ne'er forget  
The mighty lesson we have taught.

WARD S. WILLIAMS.

## Economy of Modern War-ships.

THEY COST MUCH MORE TO BUILD THAN THE OLD WOODEN MEN-OF-WAR, BUT THEIR EFFICIENCY MUCH MORE THAN COMPENSATES FOR THE EXPENSE—THE "OREGON" AND OTHER MODERN FIGHTERS OF THE SEA COMPARED WITH THE FAMOUS FRIGATES.

THREE million dollars seem like an enormous sum of money to expend on a single war-ship, and it causes one to hesitate before indorsing such an outlay on a machine that might be totally destroyed in a few minutes by a torpedo or a ram. As we look back to the old days when first-class war-ships were turned out for one-tenth part of this sum the question naturally arises, "Is it not too much to risk in one bottom?" "Are we not extravagant?" or "Is not our naval administration getting too reckless with the people's money?" A careful inquiry into the facts of the case will show, however, not only that modern war-ships are constructed very much more economically, but are maintained and kept in commission at much less expense than the old-time frigates.

Take, for instance, the three most famous frigates in the early American navy, the *Constitution*, the *President*, and the *United States*. Without their armaments, they cost \$302,719, \$220,910 and \$209,336 respectively. For the sake of round numbers, say they cost \$300,000 each. Against this we have the \$3,180,000 for the *Oregon*, the \$3,010,000 for the *Iowa*, and the \$3,020,000 for the *Indiana*, not including their armaments, but when we come to consider the comparative forces of these two classes of ships we will find that the latter represents many times the force of the former in the matter of shot-weight alone, and if we include the vast advantages of steam, torpedoes, explosive missiles, armor and rams we will find the difference so much in favor of the modern craft as to make it many times cheaper than the old-time war-ship.

In the comparison of shot-weight, or the total weight of shot that can be fired at an enemy in a single discharge of a broadside, we find that the *Constitution's* single broadside is only 800 pounds as opposed to the *Oregon's* 5,662. But here comes in a most important consideration. The *Constitution*, with her old-fashioned, muzzle-loading guns—which cost only a few hundred dollars—could fire but one broadside in eight minutes, while the modern guns of the *Oregon*—costing some thousand dollars each—could be fired many times to the *Constitution's* one discharge. For instance, the four thirteen-inch guns of the *Oregon*—capable of being used in either broadside—having a total shot-weight of 4,400 pounds to one discharge, could be fired twice to the *Constitution's* one discharge, or an impellent of 8,800 pounds against an enemy to *Old Ironsides'* puny 800 pounds. In the same time the *Oregon's* four eight-inch guns to a broadside could be discharged four times, or an impellent of 4,000 pounds of shot, while her two six-inch guns would be able to add another 800 pounds in the eight minutes required for the *Constitution* to discharge one broadside.

When the *Iowa* was engaged with Cervera's squadron, July 3d, two of her six-pounders threw 440 shots in fifty minutes, or an average of two and two-fifths shots a minute to each gun. Allowing two shots a minute for the *Oregon's* ten six-pounders to each broadside, we find that she can throw 960 pounds of shot from these guns alone, and from her two one-pounders another eighty pounds must be added, making a total shot-weight to the *Oregon's* single broadside, in a given eight minutes, of 14,640 pounds as compared with the *Constitution's* 800 pounds. So, although we find that the old-time war-ship cost only \$300,000 as against the \$3,000,000 for the modern battle-ship, yet we discover that the latter can hurl against an enemy 14,640 pounds of shot to the former's 800, or eighteen times as much.

Thus we see that on the score of shot-weight alone the modern battle-ship is built for nearly one-half the money it took to construct the old war-ships, for it would have taken eighteen *Constitutions*, costing \$5,454,000 to have produced the strength of blow to an enemy of a single *Oregon*, costing \$3,000,000. This, as has been said, is not counting the vast advantages of steel armor, the formidable ram, the terrific effectiveness of shells, the all-important power of steam, the torpedo, or the comparative immunity of the modern iron and steel war-ship from risk of fires and splinters. It was old Sir Richard Hawkins who said: "On shore it is only the bullet that hurteth, but in a ship I have seen the splinters kill and hurt many at once," and he cites an instance where a dozen were hurt by splinters, "the most part whereof would have been excused if they had been armored." The matter of shells alone would double the effectiveness of the *Oregon's* broadside, so that her shot-weight could, very properly, be placed at 29,000 pounds as compared to the *Constitution's* 800, or thirty-six times as great.

But we have a still more important element in the economy of the modern war-ships relatively to the old-time bull-dog of the seas. The *Constitution's* complement in her three actions in the War of 1812 was, on the average, 468 men, while the complement of the *Oregon* is about 600, yet with her 468 men the old frigate could deliver only an 800-pound blow, while the *Oregon*, with only 132 more men, could deliver a 14,640-pound blow. In other words, while our government had to pay and support, the year in and the year out, 468 men capable of striking only an 800-pound blow, our government to-day supports 600 who are capable of striking eighteen times as hard. The pay-roll of the *Constitution* was \$65,000 a year. As it would take eighteen *Constitutions* to strike as hard as one *Oregon*, in the single matter of shot-weight, the government would have been obliged to pay annually the sum of \$1,170,000 on account of wages alone—not counting rations—if it would have a naval force capable of delivering a broadside equal to one of the *Oregon's*. This \$1,170,000, in less than three years would pay for a modern battle-ship.

We have an even more forcible illustration of the economy of the modern war-ship when we come to gun-boats of the *Annapolis* type. The *Annapolis*, the *Marietta*, the *Newport*, the *Princeton*, the *Vicksburg*, the *Wheeling*, and the *Helena*, on an average, cost \$225,000 each. As we have seen, the *Constitution* cost \$302,719. She was 176 feet over all, to the 168 feet of the *Annapolis*. The shot-weight of the former was 800 pounds to a broadside. The *Annapolis* carries six four-inch guns, four six-pounders, two one-pounders, one Colt, and one field-gun. Without including the last two we will inquire into the shot-weight of the gun-boat's broadside. During the *Iowa's* fight with Cer-



vera's ships it is recorded that she fired 135 four-inch shots from one gun in fifty minutes, or at the rate of nearly three a minute.

Calculating the fire of the four-inch guns in the *Annapolis's* broadside at two and a half a minute we have 2,640 pounds of shot discharged at an enemy in the time the *Constitution* fires her 800 pounds of shot. Adding to the force of the four-inch shots that of her six- and one-pounders at the broadside we have a total shot-weight of 2,900 pounds as opposed to the *Constitution's* 800. The complement of the frigate was 468, while that of the gun-boat is about one-third of that number. As it would take three and a half *Constitutions* to equal the shot-weight of one *Annapolis*, the pay-roll of three and a half *Constitutions* would be \$227,500 a year, or \$500 more than the actual cost of the *Annapolis*. It would be difficult to pick out one of our new war-ships that has less shot-weight than the *Constitution*. The *Annapolis* comes near enough to serve as an example. She cost \$227,000, and was about the same size as *Old Ironsides*, which cost \$302,719, and yet the broadside blow of the modern boat is nearly four times as heavy as that of the old boat.

When we are disposed to grumble, therefore, at the "enormous" cost of the modern battle-ship, we must remember that the new fighting-machine is, in reality, a condensation of many old-time war-ships into one, and that while the initial expense of the new ships may be greater, yet, in truth, "enormous" economy results from such condensation by lessening the long pay-rolls and rations, which in itself, in a few years, will more than make up for the first cost. Surely we cannot complain that the modern war-craft is "extravagantly expensive" when we find that a gun-boat only eight feet shorter than the *Constitution*, and with nearly four times the force to her broadside, is built for \$75,000 less than the famous old frigate. We certainly need have no cause for apprehension over the "reckless" expenditures on the modern cruisers when we find that the *Annapolis*, with nearly four times the striking power of the *Constitution*, can be amply manned by one-third the number of men it took to man *Old Ironsides*. And finally, those who are "appalled" at the awful amount of tax-money taken from the pockets of the people will be greatly mollified when they realize that the \$3,000,000 modern battle-ship has the striking power of eighteen *Constitutions*, which ships would have cost \$5,454,000.

EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

### The Bulldog of the Navy.

THE WONDERFUL BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON"—ONE OF HER OFFICERS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO TELLS THE THRILLING STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

THE work of the great battle-ship *Oregon* when Admiral Cervera's fleet was destroyed is graphically described in a private letter by an officer on board the *Oregon*, who witnessed the battle from start to finish.



LEUTENANT EDWARD W. EBERLE, WHO COMMANDED THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS ON THE "OREGON."

The letter was written at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. It thus recounts the *Oregon's* good work: The *Oregon* closed in on the Spanish ships at full speed and engaged each ship in turn until we sent it heading for the beach, burning fiercely. After a ship headed for the beach we did not stop to fire upon her any further, but directed our fire to the next one ahead, and left the burning ships to the tender mercies of the *Iowa*, *Texas*, and other ships in our rear. We had the speed, and it was our duty to prevent any of the ships from escaping. July 3d was a quiet, hot Sunday. The bugle had just sounded the first call for the guns-sounding the "call to action." It was just 9:28 A. M. Then officers hastily threw off their swords, caps, and blouses, and hurried to their posts. Lieutenant Eberle, commanding the ship's first division, which embraces the forward turrets with the two thirteen-inch guns and the four eight-inch guns, stood for a moment on top of his turret to get the distance of the Spanish ships just emerging from the harbor's entrance. The Spanish shells were whistling over us, and the big Spanish ships presented a most beautiful spectacle. Two minutes after Lieutenant Eberle jumped down into his turret; he pressed the electric firing-key and welcomed the Spanish ships with two thirteen-inch shells, or a ton of hot steel. The *Oregon* was the first ship to sight the enemy, and she fired the first gun to alarm the fleet. This honor was claimed by other ships, but our station was directly opposite the mouth of the harbor, and enabled us to see the enemy before the other ships could get a view. The *Oregon* immediately dashed ahead at full speed toward the enemy's leading ship, the *Maria Teresa*, and we opened our whole starboard broadside on her. The other vessels were astern of us and were firing at the *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya*, while the *Brooklyn* was far off-shore and really out of range. The *Oregon* and *Iowa* soon settled the fate of the *Maria Teresa*, and she headed for the beach, a mass of floating ruins.

The *Colon* and *Vizcaya*, with their superior speed, had passed the *Teresa* and *Oquendo*. As soon as we saw the *Teresa* in flames we opened on the *Oquendo*, and she was simply torn to pieces, and she, too, headed for the beach. At this time the *Oregon* was dashing through the water at a high speed on a course parallel with the enemy, leaving the *Iowa* and *Texas* far behind. As soon as the *Oquendo* was headed for the beach we directed our fire to the *Vizcaya*. The whole starboard battery was opened on her. The *Vizcaya* was making a desperate fight for her life, but she was suffering terribly, when one of the *Oregon's* forward thirteen-inch guns, which were directed by Lieutenant Eberle in person, hurled a half-ton shell into her quarter, which caused her to keel over, and then, amid wild cheers from

the crew, Lieutenant Eberle let go his other thirteen-inch gun, raking the poor old *Vizcaya* fore and aft, shooting away her colors, and starting a violent fire. She then headed for the beach, in flames, and we ceased firing upon her. As the *Oregon* was the only vessel firing thirteen-inch guns at the *Vizcaya*, it must have been one of her destructive shots that raked the *Vizcaya* and killed eighty unfortunate men that the Spanish captain tells about.

After sending the *Vizcaya* to her doom we started on our long chase after the swift *Colon*. We had stopped firing, on account of the long range, but the guns were all ready for business. It was now noon, and we sent one watch below to dinner while the other watch remained at the guns. Our men were wild with enthusiasm, and throughout the fight their cheers were ringing through the ship. One incident seems significant. Just after firing the shot which caused the *Vizcaya* to keel over, the men in the first division of the *Oregon*, the only division whose guns would then bear upon the enemy, seemed completely carried away with enthusiasm, and for a moment became forgetful of their work. It was then that Lieutenant Eberle said: "Remember the *Maine*, men, and load her quickly. We have the *Vizcaya* going." These words calmed the excited crew, the thirteen-inch gun was quickly and silently loaded, and that was the shot that completely destroyed the *Vizcaya* and killed eighty Spaniards. The *Maine* had been remembered.

As the *Oregon* steamed after the *Colon*, making the greatest chase in history, nearly all of our officers and crew were assembled on deck in the forward part of the ship, around the big turret, for only the guns of this turret could reach the fleeing enemy. Captain Clark was standing on top of this turret, watching the chase. Lieutenant Eberle asked permission to open his big guns on the *Colon*, but Captain Clark told him to wait until he got nearer. Finally the captain sang out: "Eberle, you can try a shot at her." The lieutenant aimed very deliberately, and then let drive with one of his thirteen-inch guns. A mighty cheer went up from 500 throats as the big shell struck just astern of the *Colon*, nearly five miles away, and enveloped her in a cloud of water. "Give her another one, Eberle," yelled Captain Clark, and the other big gun blazed away, and again loud cheers rent the air. At the third shot Lieutenant Eberle increased his range and dropped a 1,100-pound shell right under the *Colon's* bow, and the Spaniard took fright and headed for the beach. Our crew nearly went wild as they danced, yelled, and hugged one another. The next shot struck under the *Colon's* stern, and down came the Spanish flag in surrender. That was just at 1:12 P. M. Captain Clark yelled: "Eberle, cease firing; she has surrendered!" And the lieutenant who had done such remarkable shooting climbed out of his turret to get a breath of fresh air.

Captain Clark patted the young officer on the back affectionately, and congratulated him upon the excellence of his work. Then, while the gallant captain of the *Oregon* and the gallant commander of the first division stood on top of the turret, the 500 fighting men of the great battle-ship gave three mighty cheers for Captain Clark and then three cheers for Mr. Eberle. The young lieutenant was bare-headed, in his shirt-sleeves, and all covered with powder-smoke and grease, and when the *Oregon's* brave crew so wildly cheered him he hurried back into his turret to conceal his emotion. There he was met with cheers from his own gun-crew. The *Oregon's* band was soon on deck playing "The Star-spangled Banner," and more exciting scenes than these are rarely witnessed. The captain of the *Colon* said the *Oregon's* big guns caused him to surrender, and the Spaniards spoke of the *Oregon* as the "Yankee devil" which forced them to yield.

As the *Brooklyn* approached she cheered us again and again, and Commodore Schley congratulated us upon the great victory. About three o'clock the *New York* and *Texas* arrived, and also gave us hearty cheers. The *Oregon* was sent to take charge of the *Colon*. We sent a large force of men to her, and transported her officers and crew to the *Resolute*, which had just come up.

As we rejoined the fleet on July 4th, off Santiago, we received a grand ovation. Our passage through the fleet was like a triumphal procession, and cheer after cheer rent the air. Commodore Schley signaled: "Welcome, brave *Oregon*!" We were crowded with visitors from other vessels of the fleet, and the admiral was one of our most ardent admirers.

During the battle the heat in the gun-turrets was intense, and the men were stripped to their waists, working like heroes. Neither officers nor men considered the heat, but kept steadily at work, handling the big guns as composedly as if at target-practice.

During the engagement of July 3d the *Oregon's* forward big guns of the first division fired fourteen and a half tons of steel, costing about \$10,000. Our after thirteen-inch turret was unfortunate in not getting many shots. It being a running fight, the after guns did not bear upon the enemy after the first half-hour, hence the first division had most all of the work to do. On that day the *Oregon* fired just 1,776 projectiles from her various guns, and the results show how hot she made it for the enemy's ships. July 2d was the last and heaviest bombardment of the Santiago forts, and we silenced their batteries and tore them to pieces. The *Oregon* did some splendid work on the morning of July 2d. We had already silenced Santiago's eastern battery, dismounted the guns, and knocked the Morro to pieces. The left wing of the fleet was still firing away at the western battery, but the heaviest battery was the Punta Gorda battery, located well inside the harbor. This battery kept up a furious fire at the *Iowa* and *Massachusetts*, which were opposite the harbor entrance but some distance out, while the *Oregon* was east of the entrance and out of sight of Punta Gorda, as we had gone in close under the Morro and were hammering the Morro and east battery to pieces. While we were thus engaged the admiral signaled: "*Oregon* go in close and silence Punta Gorda." Captain Clark told Lieutenant Eberle to train his big guns to starboard and fire at Punta Gorda as soon as it came in sight from behind the headlands. The *Oregon* was then headed right across the harbor-mouth, while Punta Gorda was firing furiously. The lieutenant waited, with his hand upon the electric firing-key, to give Punta Gorda a little surprise. Just as the ship steamed across the harbor entrance, and Punta Gorda appeared in view, the two forward big guns were fired in rapid succession, and so accurately were they aimed that each sent its shell right into the battery, and Punta Gorda never fired again!

Doubtless any other of our great battle-ships might have accomplished as much as the *Oregon* during these exciting three days off Santiago, but the fact remains that no finer shooting was ever done by a war-ship than that which has added to the *Oregon's* fame, and the laurels won by her gallant captain will be shared with the men behind the guns who so well and so skillfully sent the deadly missiles into the enemy's ships and forts and forced the Spanish flag to come down.

ERLE.

### Another Brave Dewey.

ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL DEWEY, WHO SAWED GENERAL JACKSON'S FIGURE-HEAD FROM THE OLD SHIP "CONSTITUTION."

Now, when the nation rings with the name of Dewey, the exploit of Captain Samuel Dewey, of Massachusetts, should have place among our sailor yarns. Ben: Perley Poore, in his "Reminiscences," gives an account of the capture of the figure-head of Andrew Jackson from the ship *Constitution* by this daring young mariner. It appears when "the solid men of Boston" ascertained that General Jackson actually signed the order for the removal of deposits from the Bank of the United States while enjoying their hospitality they were very angry, and soon after, on learning that the United States frigate *Constitution*, a Boston-built vessel, which was being repaired at the Charlestown Navy Yard, was to be ornamented with a full-length figure of General Jackson, they regarded it as an insult.

The carver was ordered to stop his work; this he declined to do, and had the half finished block of wood moved to the navy yard, where his work was completed under the protection of a guard of marines. When the figure-head was completed and fastened to the cutwater of the *Constitution* she was hauled to her anchorage and a vessel stationed as a guard on either side of her. The indignation of the Bostonians had now reached fighting pitch, and Captain Dewey determined the head should come down. Late one night, during a violent storm, he dropped into a row-boat and started for the vessel. All was dark except when lightning shot across the sky, illuminating the harbor and guiding Dewey to the *Constitution*.

Making fast his boat to the bow of the vessel, he climbed up, protected by some head-boards left there the day before. A sharp saw soon did the work, and an hour later Dewey entered the door of Gallagher's Hotel, where a party of friends anxiously awaited him, bearing aloft the grim visage of Andrew Jackson. Uproarious shouts greeted him, and he at once became the lion of the Whigs. Commodore Elliot, though frantic with rage over the insult offered his chief, was powerless to do anything. Soon after Dewey went to Washington, taking his trophy with him, where it was passed around among the leading Whigs. Finally he called upon the Secretary of War, taking the head tied up in a bandana handkerchief.

"Mr. Dickerson," said the captain, "I am the man who removed the figure-head from the *Constitution*, and I have brought it here to restore it."

Secretary Dickerson looked in astonishment at the man who had the boldness to cast such an indignity upon the administration.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed; "so you are the man who had the audacity to disfigure *Old Ironsides*?"

"Yes, I took the responsibility."

"I shall have you arrested immediately," and the secretary reached toward his bell to summon a messenger.

"Stop, Mr. Secretary," interposed the captain. "You, as a lawyer, know that there is no statute against defacing a ship-of-war, and all you can do is to sue me for trespass, and that in the county where the offense was committed. If you desire it I will go back to Middlesex County and stand my trial."

After a few moments' reflection, Dickerson admitted that he was correct. Then, asking him to wait, he stepped over to the White House, followed by an attendant carrying the head. At the sight of it the President burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Why, that," he cried, at length, "why, that is the most infernal graven image I ever saw. The fellow did perfectly right. You've got him, you say; well, give him a kick and my compliments, and tell him to saw it off again." E. B. P.

### The Prize Bad Road in the United States.

A UNIQUE prize-contest has just closed. The National Committee of Highway Improvement, of Milwaukee, of which Otto Dorner is chairman, recently offered \$125 in cash as prizes for



THE PRIZE BAD ROAD IN THE UNITED STATES.

photographs which would best reveal the bad condition of our public highways. The first prize of \$50 was awarded to James I. Phillips, of Mannington, West Virginia, and his prize picture is printed herewith. It shows a wretchedly bad road along the bank of a river, where conditions were favorable for drainage, and, therefore, for good road-building. The picture emphasizes the imperfect system of road construction which prevails in the average country district, and therefore it teaches its own lesson.





THE DARING ROUGH RIDER

THE LEFT FLANK OF THE ROUGH RIDERS FORMING TO CHARGE THE SPANISH



E'S WEEKLY.



RIDERS AT THE FRONT.

ARGE THE SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE AT LAS GUASIMAS, JUNE 24TH, 1898.



# THE STORY OF THE WAR.—IV.

## Waiting for a Fight.

UTILIZING A RAIN-STORM—UNWELCOME VISITORS IN CAMP AT NIGHT—THE WELL-DISCIPLINED REGULARS WHO NEVER FIND FAULT—WHY GENERAL SHAFTER IS CALLED "PAGUS BILL."

AFTER our regiment had marched seven miles toward Santiago we were ordered to go into camp on the crest of the high hill which overlooks the valley in front of San Juan. We had scarcely pitched our little shelter-tents when a fierce rain-storm came up. It poured down in torrents. I naturally supposed the soldiers would be disgusted that this should happen just after their long, tiresome march, but when the storm was at its highest I heard shouts of joy outside, and I ventured to look

Crowded camps were on either side of the road, the officers and men anxiously awaiting orders to move ahead. It must have been about three P. M. when some one called out: "Look ahead—to the right—there goes the balloon!" And sure enough, out of the deep forest something big and round was gradually coming into view. In the basket were two men who leveled strong field-glasses at the city of Santiago and the Spanish intrenchments in front of the city. In turn the glasses of the officers were leveled on them, for the road-sides were crowded with officers greeting friends as they passed by. "Give me your glasses, Dick. I want to see if I know those men in the basket. I wonder if Pagus Bill (Shafter) is there?" The man with the glasses replied: "Shut up! Are you losing your mind? Do you think that basket would hold old Shafter? Why, he'd sink a balloon twice that size."

I often wondered why General Shafter was so universally called "Pagus Bill," and one day I asked; and this is one of the replies I received: One time he was leading his command after a party of Indians. Finally, after several days of hard riding, the enemy was sighted on the opposite shore of the Pagus River, and in fording the stream Shafter fell off into the water, but he managed to reach the opposite shore, and then he halted the entire command while he disrobed and wrung his clothes. And that is why he is called "Pagus Bill."

We had marched only a short distance when we found the roads ahead blocked, and after waiting for an hour Lieutenant Hutton asked me to go ahead with him and find our camp-ground for the night. We passed the first

volunteer regiment (the Seventy-first New York) I had seen for some time. They were out taking their afternoon exercise. On each side of the road were Cuban men and women huddled together in little groups, and on still farther we passed the Hotchkiss battery and just beyond them we came in sight of our old friends, the rough riders. The men grinned and the officers called, "Hello, there! where is your regiment?" and "How are you, anyhow?" The day was hot and sultry, not a breath stirring, and the air thick with mist. The little creek was muddy and there was no clean drinking-water. I said to Lieutenant Kane: "How would you like a nice big piece of iced watermelon and a long lemonade with a straw?" He looked at me in the most offended way and said: "Ah, now! have some respect for a fellow's feelings."

At the head of the regiment was Colonel Roosevelt, and as full of enthusiasm as ever. He shouted, "Oh, didn't we have a bully fight back there on the hill!" He wore a dark-blue shirt, with improvised shoulder-straps, and a blue handkerchief around his neck. The shoulder-straps were made of yellow cloth, and the silver leaves looked more like spoons than leaves. He had U. S. V. in yellow cloth sewed on his collar. Further on was the First Cavalry, regulars, and beyond that, about dark, we found our camp-ground. It was nine o'clock at night before the regiment arrived. They all turned in for the night. Reveille was to be sounded next morning at five o'clock, and that day we were promised a fight with the Spaniards.

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

## Personal Experiences

### of Our Brave Boys.

ONE OF THEM TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO BE IN THE MIDST OF A BATTLE—ANOTHER TELLS OF A BLOODY ENCOUNTER IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO, IN WHICH HIS SKILL IN BAYONET EXERCISES SAVED HIS LIFE.

[LESLIE'S WEEKLY invites contributions of personal experiences by our brave boys who are, or who have been, at the front. We append herewith two samples of extracts of letters received by friends at home, and we will be glad to print others of equal merit, and will pay our customary liberal rates for all such contributions that may be found available.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

## The Bayonet Saved His Life.

FOLLOWING is an extract of a letter written under date of July 26th, from Santiago, by Private J. Burnett Walker, son of the Rev. W. H. Walker, of Bath-on-the-Hudson, New York. Young Walker is a member of the Ninth Regiment of regular infantry. He is twenty-one years old, and enlisted but a short time ago. He writes:

I had a number of narrow escapes. My canteen and cup, which hung on my left hip, were both shot through, and I have a large tear in my shirt, over the heart, which a Spaniard made with a machete, but he will never fight again, for I drove my bayonet completely through his neck. I suppose that this will seem like murder to you, but we had to do it or lose our own lives. We fought one hour and twenty minutes hand-to-hand with them, and I can tell you when it was over we were completely fagged out. All that saved my life was knowing the bayonet exercises.

If you had seen me after the battle of July 1st you would never have recognized me. The blood ran down my bayonet, then down the barrel of my gun and over my hands. Of course I was too excited to notice it, and when I got hot I wiped my face with my hands, and my face was covered with blood also. The battle was awful and lasted all day, and that night we started to dig trenches for ourselves with our bayonets. We worked all night, and Saturday morning we started to fight again.

All day Saturday it continued, and Saturday night we dug

our trenches still deeper. We worked all night again, and started to shoot again at five o'clock. At nine o'clock on Sunday their ships were sunk by Sampson's fleet, and at twelve they hoisted the white flag and asked for permission to bury their dead. You can imagine how we felt. We lay in the trenches all day under the hot sun, worked all night, so had no sleep, and had nothing to eat for three days, and the only water that we had to drink we caught in our rubber blankets. We suffered horribly.

On the 17th they laid down their arms and we came into Santiago and are quartered at the Imperial Opera House. All together, 24,000 Spaniards surrendered, and they were completely starved, some of them so weak that they could not stand. It is something awful to see the women and children here. I have seen them dying in the gutter and along the roads, and have offered them food, and they would be too weak to eat it. One can hardly imagine the awful suffering here. It is heart-rending. Half of them have no clothes at all, and the few that do have them are nearly all in rags.

I have seen them dying with plenty of money on their persons, but that does not help them any, as there is nothing to buy. The Red Cross ship came in two days ago with food for them. It brought oatmeal, cornmeal, potatoes, onions, and plenty of canned goods, and all are doing nicely now, but it was awful to see them dying like that.

Our infantry was fortunate enough to be in Santiago at the flag-raising. The ceremony was one that none of us will forget. We were lined up across the plaza and had the Sixth Cavalry band to head us. It was pay enough, and more than enough, for our awful fighting, and every American heart thrilled at the glorious stars and stripes were flung to the breeze. We boys could hardly contain ourselves, and when the band played "The Star-spangled Banner," and "Rally 'round the flag, boys," we nearly went wild. We gave three cheers for General Shafter with a will, and all day the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. As long as I live I shall never forget it, and it will always be "the stars and stripes forever" for us all.

Yours for Uncle Sam,  
J. BURNETT WALKER.

## How It Feels in Battle.

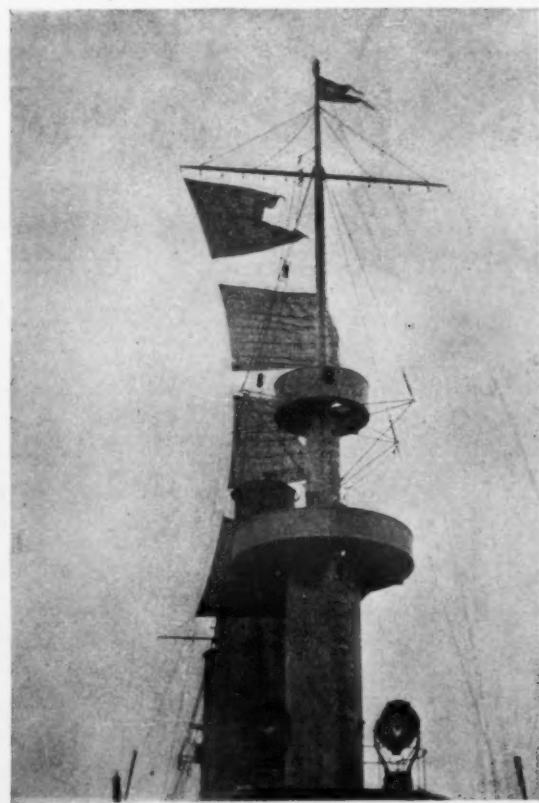
UNDER date of July 6th, 1898, "on the battle-field of Santiago," William Conlin, a private in Company F, Sixth United States Infantry, writes to his mother at Hamilton, Ohio, as follows:

I suppose you are worrying yourself wondering if I am among the dead or wounded, but I am not. I have been in three fights since landing here. The first one was on the 22d of June, when the war ships shelled the hills when we made the landing. The Spaniards ran in all directions. We camped and got on the move the next morning at three o'clock and marched across the mountains for eighteen miles, where the first land battle was fought between Roosevelt's rough riders and the Tenth Cavalry. We brought up the reserve. We camped the next two or three days in a coconut-grove on the plantation that formerly belonged to Maceo, the Cuban leader. It was a fine place before the war. This is one of the finest spots I have ever seen; coconut, pineapple, and mango-trees grow in abundance all over this part of the island. We left Maceo's place and marched to within seven miles of Santiago and camped there till the morning of July 1st, when we broke camp at three o'clock and marched on to battle. The first gun was fired at 6:30 o'clock. We started to fight three miles from where I am now, overlooking the beautiful city of Santiago. The Sixth made a name that day that will go down in history. To take the hill we are now on we had to cross a meadow a mile long, strung with barbed-wire fences. Our company lost over thirty-five per cent. of our men. They fell to the right and left of me, but I didn't seem to mind it. The shot and shell seemed like music, but I want no more of it.

## Does Bombarding Pay?

THE MARKS OF THE GUNNERS ON OUR GREAT BATTLE-SHIPS AS THEY WERE FOUND AFTER SANTIAGO'S SURRENDER.

If there was any one place that became monotonously distasteful to American jackies' eyes—aye, and officers, too—it was old yellow Morro, standing up stiff, yet picturesquely, on the



REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S SIGNAL ON THE "BROOKLYN" AFTER THE SINKING OF CERVERA'S FLEET. READING, "THE ENEMY HAS SURRENDERED."

bluff that sheltered Santiago Bay. Its picturesqueness had, it is true, been rather added to than otherwise by some large shells thrown by the American fleet, but it was a perpetual annoyance to see the yellow-and-red standard of Spain go up each morning at sunrise, and only come down when the sun's last rays touched the top of the yellow walls.

True, the Oregon had knocked a corner off the castle one



THE SAN JUAN HILL, AS IT APPEARED ON JULY 3d.—THE BLOCK-HOUSE IS ON THE LEFT.

from under the sheltering canvas to see what the commotion was about, and there stood about half of the regiment, stark naked, taking what they called a bath, and the harder it rained the more pleased they seemed. Major Smith looked out and could not resist the temptation, and in a few minutes he, too, was enjoying a nice, cool bath. The regulars know how to live, and they make the most of everything; even a rain-storm does not go to waste. Not only in one way did they make use of it, for many spread their rubber blankets and caught sufficient pure rain-water to fill their canteens, and in this way provided themselves with excellent drinking-water.

The nights spent in Cuba sleeping on the wet ground are never to be forgotten. We were never lonely, for we always had guests—friendly ones, too—in the shape of gigantic tarantulas, scorpions, and, the most active of all, the big, wild-eyed land-crabs. They do not hesitate to crawl up on your face and use the point of your nose for a look-out. Not much wonder that I dreamed I was back home sleeping soundly in a real bed, and that a soft-furred kitten had crawled up on the bed, then had made a bed of my face and was preparing for a little nap. It was a very pleasant dream until I awoke, when I found, instead of a kitten, one of those big tarantulas. He was somewhat startled at first and ran down on my chest, but he did not remove his hind legs from my chin. This portion of my face I moved cautiously and he started off on a dead run for Major Smith, but he did not get there. Another time we were preparing for sleep, when we found a big tarantula had arrived ahead of us. The major struck at it with his shoe, but he missed it, and it started for him and ran across his legs. The mix-up which followed will long be remembered by the occupants of that tent.

One night we heard a frightful yell in the direction of Major Miller's tent, and the next morning he told us that Lieutenant Williams had been awakened by the active manœuvres of a big land-crab who had selected his face as a parade-ground. He gave one frantic yell and struck at it with all his power, which is not small, for he is one of the best foot-ball men the West Point Academy has ever had. The crab sailed across the little tent, straight for the major's face, where it struck with a dull thud and held on! These nightly visitors are not the only drawback to sleeping on the ground. If your tent is pitched on the side of a hill, and you are at all restless, you are apt to find yourself, in the morning, half-way out of the tent, without any covering, and still working your way down the hill.

On June 30th we were ordered to break camp here and move on toward San Juan, as the attack was to be made early next morning. The orderly rode up to headquarters just after a heavy thunder-storm. Everything was soaking wet—blankets, tentage, everything—and in some places in the roads the mud was a foot deep. So bad were the roads that the regiments marched in single file, and kept as far to one side as possible. When Colonel Wherry read the order he turned to the majors and ordered each to have his battalion ready to march at once. Rations were just being issued, and for the first time in Cuba tobacco was given out—chewing-tobacco—each man receiving as his share a piece about the size of your thumb. But I did not hear one of them complain. The regulars are too well disciplined to grumble. They make the most and the best of everything, and in a few minutes after the order was given the entire regiment was in marching condition. Out in the road as far as the eye could see were the regiments, and back of us they were still coming. The roads were frightfully muddy, but I heard no one complain. Some of them even took it as a good joke.

When we had reached the foot of the hill we were ordered to halt and rest for a few minutes. Soldiers were everywhere.



day, and the standard of proud Castile had been for some brief period trailed in seventeenth-century dust, but they found a new place to put it, and even after the navy had annihilated Cervera, and the army had received a promise of surrender from Linares, they raised the "bull-fighter's bandero" and flaunted it over our devoted heads. But one day it came down to stay. It was nine o'clock on Sunday, July 17th—please notice that Sunday is our lucky day: Sunday we bottled Cervera, Sunday we slew his fleet, Sunday Santiago surrendered, and Sunday Dewey whipped the Manila fleet—we were wondering in a vague sort of way when the surrender would actually take place, when suddenly we saw the flag come down. There was a yell of applause, and then active work began to get the boats down so we could go in and look at the fortifications against which we had thrown tons of ammunition amounting to a million or more of dollars.

We went in and we looked and examined with great care. We saw tons of steel projectiles, or parts of steel projectiles, that had been thrown from American ships. We saw almost undisturbed earthworks and rifle-pits, and we saw one broken seventeenth-century gun and a newly-made barbed-wire-fenced cemetery with a rude black wooden cross marking it as consecrated ground, and that is all we found as the result of four bombardments costing the government millions of dollars. It was the old story of bombardments of fleets against earthworks being unsuccessful and unwarranted, unless to cover the advance of troops or the destruction of a city.

Against these fortifications had been massed ten ships with the highest-power modern guns and the best gunners in the world. In the fortifications were bronze muzzle-loading cannon and cast-iron mortars. On the eastern battery, where the *New York*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *New Orleans*, and *Indiana* had used their great guns, was not a modern gun, and it was evident that the gunners withdrew when the ships opened fire. On the western battery, where the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, and *Texas* used their guns, were two modern six-inch rifles, and in Punta Gorda battery, just back of it, two more big guns.

Morro, reminding you inside of an Anthony Hope novelistic interior, showed the effect of big shells, and the light-house and a dwelling had been shattered by a great explosion of dynamite thrown by the *Vesuvius*. Over old Estrella battery a shell had exploded, destroying part of a house and magazine. I got the photographs of these points sent herewith, although the day was not propitious.

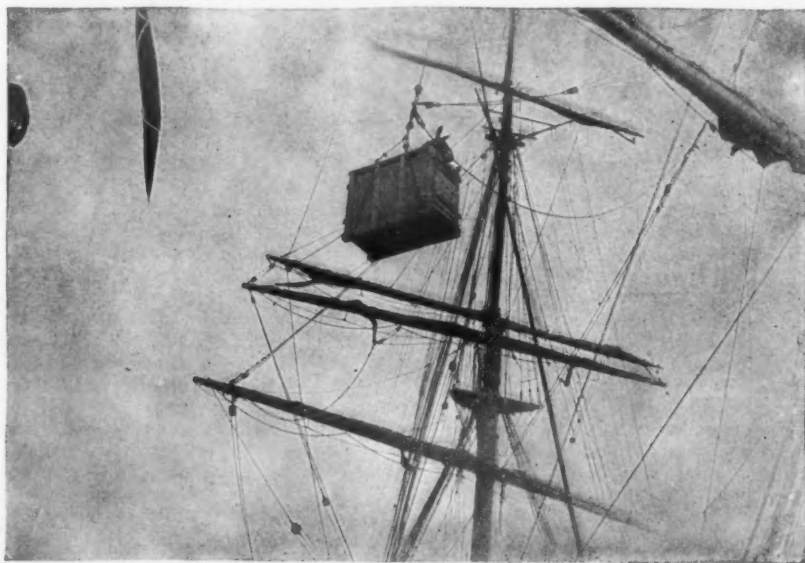
GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

### An Interesting Experiment.

SHIPPING ARMY HORSES AND MULES TO MANILA ON A SAILING-VESSEL—ELABORATE PRECAUTIONS TO INSURE THEIR SAFETY AND COMFORT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5th, 1898.—All over the world students of military progress and of transportation problems are watching the unique and costly experiment of the United States government with the sailing-ship *Tacoma*, now in the stream and about to sail for Manila. Her cargo consists of 210 army horses and mules, carefully selected for the purpose. In charge of the shipment is Lieutenant Cameron, Fourth Cavalry, United States Army, who has a working force of thirty picked men of the Fourth Cavalry, eighteen civilian teamsters, a surgeon, and an expert veterinary, besides an engineer and a crew of eighteen men. The ship, an American clipper with a record as a speed-maker, has been most elaborately fitted up, and in preparing for the experiment money has been spent with a free hand. It is estimated that even if all the horses and mules are landed at Manila alive they will have cost the government not less than \$400 each, whereas an offer was made by a responsible New Zealand firm to supply live-stock of the same grade at Manila for \$150 a head.



HOISTING THE ANIMALS ABOARD THE SHIP.

While the government wanted first-class beasts of burden for the army in the Philippines, it wanted also to determine by actual experiment the practicability of sending horses long distances by sea—a thing that no government has undertaken on any such scale. The *Tacoma* was chartered at \$200 a day, and horses suited to cavalry purposes and fine mules were bought, the former coming from as far east as New Jersey and the mules chiefly from St. Louis. The horses cost, on the average, \$150 and the mules \$125. In order to make the *Tacoma* a commodious floating stable a false deck was built from the break of the poop to the topgallant forecastle, flush with the top of the after-house. Under this, on the main deck and down in the 'tween-decks, are a total of 210 stalls constructed of smooth, rounded timbers, so placed that the chests, croups, and flanks of the four-footed passengers are at all times in close contact with them,

there being not enough room for the motion of the ship to throw the horses heavily against the stalls. In addition there is above each stall a pulley, from which a sling of stout canvas two feet wide passes under the belly of the horse. The plan is to rest the animals after storms, or when they show signs of exhaustion, by lifting them a little off their feet. The stall-floors are provided with cleats so as to give a sure footing in heavy weather. Aisles run along each row of stalls with tracks for the passage of hand-cars carrying hay and feed. The passage-ways on both decks are so arranged as to provide continuous tracks 360 feet long, on which the animals may be exercised daily during fair weather. The feed-troughs are of galvanized iron of varying sizes, so that they "nest" and save room when not in use. Intakes, pipes, and faucets provide facilities for flushing with salt water, and a condensing plant on the false deck, forward of the main hatch, furnishes the fresh water. It has a capacity of 2,000 gallons a day, while the ship will need only about 1,500 gallons. A powerful dynamo supplies 110 sixteen-candle power incandescent lights and a number of portable fans for ventilation, and in the forward hatch are two large wind-sails, so that there will be no lack of fresh air below. There is also a veterinary hospital, with beds in roomy box-stalls for four equine patients.

Lieutenant Cameron estimates that under favorable conditions the *Tacoma* can make the run to Manila in fifty days. She will be met when she nears the islands by a steamer of the expeditionary fleet, which will tow her through what is known as the short passage to her destination.

ERNEST T. SIMPSON.

### Bury Them in Their Native Land.

A TOUCHING APPEAL IN BEHALF OF OUR SOLDIERS WHO LIE BURIED IN CUBA.

GUANTANAMO BAY, SOUTHERN CUBA, August 9th, 1898.—The six hundred marines of the United States Navy who made the first large American landing in Cuba after a bloody fight, marched out of the intrenchments they had made, took up their white tents, and went aboard the *Resolute*, intending to make a landing at the Isle of Pines, just south of Havana.

They left on the dusty, hot hillside six comrades and two brave sailors. The bivouac that these eight will keep under the tropical sun and 'neath the brilliancy of the Southern Cross will be a silent, defenseless one. It will be the bivouac of the dead. Silent mounds of red, sun-parched earth, marked by simple white boards, designate the sleeping-place of such brave men as Dr. Gibbs, who was shot dead in the first marine attack, and brave Ellis of the *Brooklyn*, who died on the fore-castle of the great cruiser during the fight with Cervera.

On their and their companions' graves beats down day after day the unscreened tropical sun. At night the welcome dews from star-laden skies wet the parched earth. The sea croons a melody of sorrow at the foot of the cliffs. The parrot disturbs the stillness with shrill cries. Soon no human being's step will be heard, and the bivouac of silence will be unbroken save for the sea's chant and the wild bird's forced gayety. Some may find the silence a proper shroud for the graves; some may find beauty in the cliffs, the waving palms, and the sea. Perhaps their unbroken sleep is peaceful and speaks of content. Truly,

"No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn nor screaming file  
At dawn shall call to arms."

But they rest on stranger soil, far from the land of their birth, their allegiance, and those that held and, with a grateful nation, still hold them dear. Their place of true rest is in the soil over which waves the flag for which they fought. Of them it must be said as Theodore O'Hara wrote in his famous poem written when the dead were moved from Mexico to Kentucky:

"Sons of the Dark and Bloody  
Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest  
spoil—  
The ashes of her brave."

Will not those who are projecting entertainments and presents for Spanish prisoners turn their attention to this subject and see that our soldier-dead are buried in their own country? I have told of but one spot where our honored ones are buried. Up in the hills is another spot where lie over a hundred of our brave dead, near the trenches where they died. This applies to them.

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

### Life-insurance Queries.

I HAVE advised my readers repeatedly, when they have inquired concerning the responsibility of certain insurance companies and associations, that much depends upon the character of their management. Recently, at Springfield, Massachusetts, the receivers of the defunct Bay State Beneficiary Association, an assessment concern, filed suits against ex-officials of the association to recover \$300,000. The receivers allege that the former officers of the association failed to account for amounts aggregating over \$100,000; that at one time some of the officials

sold the rights of the company to a Boston clique for \$90,000, and that, later, they were sold back to Westfield parties at \$70,000, and that the rights of thousands of members were thus used for mere speculative purposes. It is also alleged that, without notice to other members, pretended amendments to the by-laws were made, so as to give the insiders an opportunity to take advantage of those who were not in the ring. Diversion of funds, an unnecessary increase of assessments, and other charges, are embraced in the allegations. All of this tends to prove that the great life insurance companies, such as those in New York, which have become financial institutions of the highest character, are more safely to be trusted than little mushroom concerns, officered by anybody and everybody, and run without regard either to public opinion or private rights. The financial standing in the business world of the Mutual Life, the New York Life, and the Equitable of New York is beyond all question, and for that reason I feel entirely safe in recommending them, though I have not the slightest interest in any of these concerns, and never expect to have any.

"S." Saginaw, Michigan, says he is about to take out a policy in the Tribe of Ben-Hur, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and that he is guaranteed that his policy will be paid up in forty-one and a half years. He asks if I think they can maintain the level premium of \$7.50 per year, if they pay their death claims, and if they can mature his policy in forty-one and a half years. I answer, No, to the first and third questions. The association is not one of the largest, and its ability to pay its death claims promptly will depend upon its management, the amount of its assessments, and the addition of new members.

"H. P." Chicago, writes that he has been a member of the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, but finally became tired of the increasing assessments and refused to pay them. The association then asked him to return his certificate of membership, or policy, so that it might be canceled, although its by-laws provide that the non-payment of an assessment within ten days after it is due involves the forfeiture of membership in the association. "H. P." asks if he will incur any liability by failing to forward his certificate. I do not see how this would affect his status. If he returns his certificate he should certainly receive a receipt for it, but a notification that he has withdrawn his membership ought to be sufficient. "H. P." writes: "I have taken your advice and secured a policy in the New York Life. I am disgusted with assessment concerns." It may take some time for the members of assessment companies to understand that cheap insurance is neither permanent nor profitable, but the more quickly they reach that conclusion, the better it will be for them from the money-making and the money-saving standpoint.

"G." Everett, Pennsylvania: I find no record that the Western Mutual Life Association, of Chicago, does business in this State or files a report with our State superintendent of insurance.

"B. J." Chicago: (1) I do not know whether the Chosen Friends pays in full or not. Its last annual report shows losses and claims paid during 1897, ten; unpaid, five. (2) I think an increase will be necessary. (3) I would withdraw. (4) Do not understand this question. (5) The policies or certificates reported in force at the close of 1896 numbered 1,442, and at the close of 1897, 1,369.

*The Hermit.*

### Financial—Hints for Money-makers.

We are assured of large crops, but the question now is as to our markets for them. Other countries report excellent harvests, and so great is the wheat crop in parts of Europe that the demand for agricultural implements has exceeded the supply, and new flour-mills are being built. The low price for wheat in this country means a demand for lower freight rates and a keener competition between the railroads. Hostilities have ceased but the treaty of peace has not been signed and there may be unexpected complications before the signatures are secured. The result of the fall elections cannot be forecast with certainty and we all know what would be the result if the election of the new Congress should put into power men of questionable views on financial subjects. I would be more hopeful of a boom in prices if everybody on Wall Street was not predicting one. Under the cover of such predictions I have too often, in the past, recognized that an opportunity was being sought to unload stocks.

"P." Oakdale, Long Island: All of the stocks you mention are looked upon favorably for speculative purposes, though some of them are pretty high at present. I would prefer Consolidated Ice cream, around forty, because it is now paying dividends. The Atchison preferred, too, has many friends. The present condition of the market makes trading on a margin extremely hazardous.

"S." New York: The Big Four, Chesapeake and Ohio, are in favor with those who believe in higher prices. If bought on a margin and held, they ought to make a neat profit.

"R." Syracuse, asks if the increase of the Burlington dividend to one and one-half per cent. quarterly, making it a six-per-cent. stock, does not indicate that all the grangers are bound to have a decided rise, and if I would not advise him to purchase them, even at the prevailing high prices. It seems to me that what are called the "grangers" and all the other dividend-payers are pretty near high-water mark. Speculation is more likely to drift toward the lower-priced securities. They always have their day and it generally comes last, but when it does come those who have bought them at the low level of a waiting market make a much larger profit than they would by the purchase of investment securities. The only safe way to buy these low priced stocks, however, is to pay for them outright, and one should be able to hold them indefinitely, if necessary, in order to win.

"A." Ashland, Kentucky: (1) The consolidation of the Manhattan Elevated and Metropolitan Traction companies was anticipated last winter, but legislation favorable to it failed to be enacted. It is one of the things that will probably happen, but just when, no one can predict. It will of course be greatly beneficial to both. (2) Consolidated Ice common. (3) Never advise short sales. (4) I think well of Chesapeake and Ohio.

"R." St. Louis, writes that he has made some money on his purchase of Atchison preferred on my advice. He wants to know what I think of Missouri Pacific. My impression is that there is money in it unless the entire market gets a set-back.

"J. V. N." Philadelphia, asks if I think Missouri Pacific is fairly safe for an advance of from eight to ten points, and what I consider to be a good margin on it. I would buy no low-priced stocks on a margin. Pay for what you take, and take less and run no risk. If the present tendency of the market holds, Missouri Pacific should sell considerably higher.

"P." Tucson, Arizona: At the price named I would sell.

"S." Saratoga: You paid too much at the outset. The stock is clearly manipulated. I would sell at once.

JASPER.

### "Can I Speak With You?"

"How," is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and forward it, with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.

### A VALUABLE BOOK.

"INFANT HEALTH" sent out by the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York, proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a valuable book that should be in every home.



# THE STORY OF THE WAR.—IV.

## Waiting for a Fight.

UTILIZING A RAIN-STORM—UNWELCOME VISITORS IN CAMP AT NIGHT—THE WELL-DISCIPLINED REGULARS WHO NEVER FIND FAULT—WHY GENERAL SHAFTER IS CALLED "PAGUS BILL."

AFTER our regiment had marched seven miles toward Santiago we were ordered to go into camp on the crest of the high hill which overlooks the valley in front of San Juan. We had scarcely pitched our little shelter-tents when a fierce rain-storm came up. It poured down in torrents. I naturally supposed the soldiers would be disgusted that this should happen just after their long, tiresome march, but when the storm was at its highest I heard shouts of joy outside, and I ventured to look

Crowded camps were on either side of the road, the officers and men anxiously awaiting orders to move ahead. It must have been about three P. M. when some one called out: "Look ahead—to the right—there goes the balloon!" And sure enough, out of the deep forest something big and round was gradually coming into view. In the basket were two men who leveled strong field-glasses at the city of Santiago and the Spanish intrenchments in front of the city. In turn the glasses of the officers were leveled on them, for the road-sides were crowded with officers greeting friends as they passed by. "Give me your glasses, Dick. I want to see if I know those men in the basket. I wonder if Pagus Bill (Shafter) is there?" The man with the glasses replied: "Shut up! Are you losing your mind? Do you think that basket would hold old Shafter? Why, he'd sink a balloon twice that size."

I often wondered why General Shafter was so universally called "Pagus Bill," and one day I asked; and this is one of the replies I received: One time he was leading his command after a party of Indians. Finally, after several days of hard riding, the enemy was sighted on the opposite shore of the Pagus River, and in fording the stream Shafter fell off into the water, but he managed to reach the opposite shore, and then he halted the entire command while he disrobed and wrung his clothes. And that is why he is called "Pagus Bill."

We had marched only a short distance when we found the roads ahead blocked, and after waiting for an hour Lieutenant Hutton asked me to go ahead with him and find our camp-ground for the night. We passed the first

volunteer regiment (the Seventy-first New York) I had seen for some time. They were out taking their afternoon exercise. On each side of the road were Cuban men and women huddled together in little groups, and on still farther we passed the Hotchkiss battery and just beyond them we came in sight of our old friends, the rough riders. The men grinned and the officers called, "Hello, there! where is your regiment?" and "How are you, anyhow?" The day was hot and sultry, not a breath stirring, and the air thick with mist. The little creek was muddy and there was no clean drinking-water. I said to Lieutenant Kane: "How would you like a nice big piece of iced watermelon and a long lemonade with a straw?" He looked at me in the most offended way and said: "Ah, now! have some respect for a fellow's feelings."

At the head of the regiment was Colonel Roosevelt, and as full of enthusiasm as ever. He shouted, "Oh, didn't we have a bully fight back there on the hill!" He wore a dark-blue shirt, with improvised shoulder-straps, and a blue handkerchief around his neck. The shoulder-straps were made of yellow cloth, and the silver leaves looked more like spoons than leaves. He had U. S. V. in yellow cloth sewed on his collar. Further on was the First Cavalry, regulars, and beyond that, about dark, we found our camp-ground. It was nine o'clock at night before the regiment arrived. They all turned in for the night. Reveille was to be sounded next morning at five o'clock, and that day we were promised a fight with the Spaniards.

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

## Personal Experiences of Our Brave Boys.

ONE OF THEM TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO BE IN THE MIDST OF A BATTLE—ANOTHER TELLS OF A BLOODY ENCOUNTER IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO, IN WHICH HIS SKILL IN BAYONET EXERCISES SAVED HIS LIFE.

[LESLIE'S WEEKLY invites contributions of personal experiences by our brave boys who are, or who have been, at the front. We append herewith two samples of extracts of letters received by friends at home, and we will be glad to print others of equal merit, and will pay our customary liberal rates for all such contributions that may be found available.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

### The Bayonet Saved His Life.

FOLLOWING is an extract of a letter written under date of July 26th, from Santiago, by Private J. Burnett Walker, son of the Rev. W. H. Walker, of Bath-on-the-Hudson, New York. Young Walker is a member of the Ninth Regiment of regular infantry. He is twenty-one years old, and enlisted but a short time ago. He writes:

I had a number of narrow escapes. My canteen and cup, which hung on my left hip, were both shot through, and I have a large tear in my shirt, over the heart, which a Spaniard made with a machete, but he will never fight again, for I drove my bayonet completely through his neck. I suppose that this will seem like murder to you, but we had to do it or lose our own lives. We fought one hour and twenty minutes hand-to-hand with them, and I can tell you when it was over we were completely fagged out. All that saved my life was knowing the bayonet exercises.

If you had seen me after the battle of July 1st you would never have recognized me. The blood ran down my bayonet, then down the barrel of my gun and over my hands. Of course I was too excited to notice it, and when I got hot I wiped my face with my hands, and my face was covered with blood also. The battle was awful and lasted all day, and that night we started to dig trenches for ourselves with our bayonets. We worked all night, and Saturday morning we started to fight again.

All day Saturday it continued, and Saturday night we dug

our trenches still deeper. We worked all night again, and started to shoot again at five o'clock. At nine o'clock on Sunday their ships were sunk by Sampson's fleet, and at twelve they hoisted the white flag and asked for permission to bury their dead. You can imagine how we felt. We lay in the trenches all day under the hot sun, worked all night, so had no sleep, and had nothing to eat for three days, and the only water that we had to drink we caught in our rubber blankets. We suffered horribly.

On the 17th they laid down their arms and we came into Santiago and are quartered at the Imperial Opera House. All together, 24,000 Spaniards surrendered, and they were completely starved, some of them so weak that they could not stand. It is something awful to see the women and children here. I have seen them dying in the gutter and along the roads, and have offered them food, and they would be too weak to eat it. One can hardly imagine the awful suffering here. It is heart-rending. Half of them have no clothes at all, and the few that do have them are nearly all in rags.

I have seen them dying with plenty of money on their persons, but that does not help them any, as there is nothing to buy. The Red Cross ship came in two days ago with food for them. It brought oatmeal, cornmeal, potatoes, onions, and plenty of canned goods, and all are doing nicely now, but it was awful to see them dying like that.

Our infantry was fortunate enough to be in Santiago at the flag-raising. The ceremony was one that none of us will forget. We were lined up across the plaza and had the Sixth Cavalry band to head us. It was pay enough, and more than enough, for our awful fighting, and every American heart thrilled at the glorious stars and stripes were flung to the breeze. We boys could hardly contain ourselves, and when the band played "The Star-spangled Banner," and "Rally 'round the flag, boys," we nearly went wild. We gave three cheers for General Shafter with a will, and all day the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. As long as I live I shall never forget it, and it will always be "the stars and stripes forever" for us all.

Yours for Uncle Sam,  
J. BURNETT WALKER.

## How It Feels in Battle.

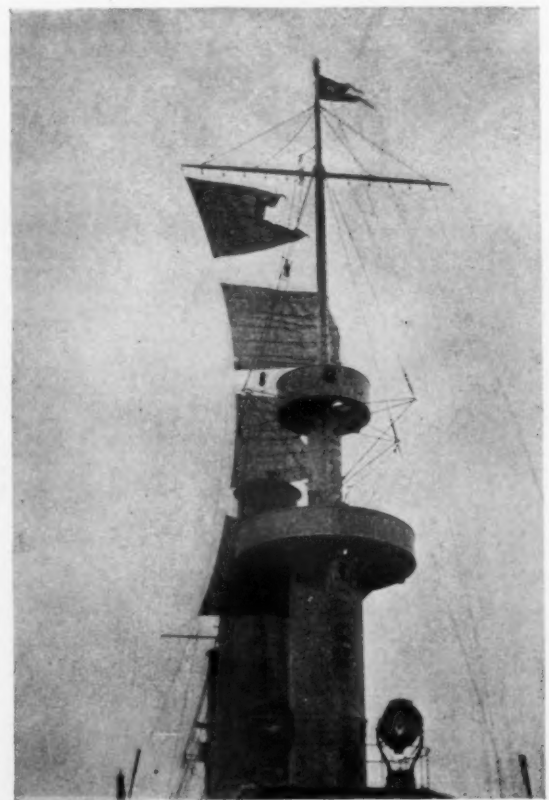
UNDER date of July 6th, 1898, "on the battle-field of Santiago," William Conlin, a private in Company F, Sixth United States Infantry, writes to his mother at Hamilton, Ohio, as follows:

I suppose you are worrying yourself wondering if I am among the dead or wounded, but I am not. I have been in three fights since landing here. The first one was on the 23d of June, when the war ships shelled the hills when we made the landing. The Spaniards ran in all directions. We camped and got on the move the next morning at three o'clock and marched across the mountains for eighteen miles, where the first land battle was fought between Roosevelt's rough riders and the Tenth Cavalry. We brought up the reserve. We camped the next two or three days in a cocoanut-grove on the plantation that formerly belonged to Maceo, the Cuban leader. It was a fine place before the war. This is one of the finest spots I have ever seen: cocoanut, pineapple, and mango-trees grow in abundance all over this part of the island. We left Maceo's place and marched to within seven miles of Santiago and camped there till the morning of July 1st, when we broke camp at three o'clock and marched on to battle. The first gun was fired at 6:30 o'clock. We started to fight three miles from where I am now, overlooking the beautiful city of Santiago. The Sixth made a name that day that will go down in history. To take the hill we are now on we had to cross a meadow a mile long, strung with barbed-wire fences. Our company lost over thirty-five per cent. of our men. They fell to the right and left of me, but I didn't seem to mind it. The shot and shell seemed like music, but I want no more of it.

## Does Bombarding Pay?

THE MARKS OF THE GUNNERS ON OUR GREAT BATTLE-SHIPS AS THEY WERE FOUND AFTER SANTIAGO'S SURRENDER.

If there was any one place that became monotonously distasteful to American jackies' eyes—aye, and officers, too—it was old yellow Morro, standing up stiff, yet picturesquely, on the



REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S SIGNAL ON THE "BROOKLYN" AFTER THE SINKING OF CERVERA'S FLEET READING, "THE ENEMY HAS SURRENDERED."

bluff that sheltered Santiago Bay. Its picturesqueness had, it is true, been rather added to than otherwise by some large shells thrown by the American fleet, but it was a perpetual annoyance to see the yellow-and-red standard of Spain go up each morning at sunrise, and only come down when the sun's last rays touched the top of the yellow walls.

True, the Oregon had knocked a corner off the castle one



THE SAN JUAN HILL, AS IT APPEARED ON JULY 3d.—THE BLOCK-HOUSE IS ON THE LEFT.

from under the sheltering canvas to see what the commotion was about, and there stood about half of the regiment, stark naked, taking what they called a bath, and the harder it rained the more pleased they seemed. Major Smith looked out and could not resist the temptation, and in a few minutes he, too, was enjoying a nice, cool bath. The regulars know how to live, and they make the most of everything; even a rain-storm does not go to waste. Not only in one way did they make use of it, for many spread their rubber blankets and caught sufficient pure rain-water to fill their canteens, and in this way provided themselves with excellent drinking-water.

The nights spent in Cuba sleeping on the wet ground are never to be forgotten. We were never lonely, for we always had guests—friendly ones, too—in the shape of gigantic tarantulas, scorpions, and, the most active of all, the big, wild-eyed land-crabs. They do not hesitate to crawl up on your face and use the point of your nose for a look-out. Not much wonder that I dreamed I was back home sleeping soundly in a real bed, and that a soft-furred kitten had crawled up on the bed, then had made a bed of my face and was preparing for a little nap. It was a very pleasant dream until I awoke, when I found, instead of a kitten, one of those big tarantulas. He was somewhat startled at first and ran down on my chest, but he did not remove his hind legs from my chin. This portion of my face I moved cautiously and he started off on a dead run for Major Smith, but he did not get there. Another time we were preparing for sleep, when we found a big tarantula had arrived ahead of us. The major struck at it with his shoe, but he missed it, and it started for him and ran across his legs. The mix-up which followed will long be remembered by the occupants of that tent.

One night we heard a frightful yell in the direction of Major Miller's tent, and the next morning he told us that Lieutenant Williams had been awakened by the active manœuvres of a big land-crab who had selected his face as a parade-ground. He gave one frantic yell and struck at it with all his power, which is not small, for he is one of the best foot-ball men the West Point Academy has ever had. The crab sailed across the little tent, straight for the major's face, where it struck with a dull thud and held on! These nightly visitors are not the only drawback to sleeping on the ground. If your tent is pitched on the side of a hill, and you are at all restless, you are apt to find yourself, in the morning, half-way out of the tent, without any covering, and still working your way down the hill.

On June 30th we were ordered to break camp here and move on toward San Juan, as the attack was to be made early next morning. The orderly rode up to headquarters just after a heavy thunder-storm. Everything was soaking wet—blankets, tentage, everything—and in some places in the roads the mud was a foot deep. So bad were the roads that the regiments marched in single file, and kept as far to one side as possible. When Colonel Wherry read the order he turned to the majors and ordered each to have his battalion ready to march at once. Rations were just being issued, and for the first time in Cuba tobacco was given out—chewing-tobacco—each man receiving as his share a piece about the size of your thumb. But I did not hear one of them complain. The regulars are too well disciplined to grumble. They make the most and the best of everything, and in a few minutes after the order was given the entire regiment was in marching condition. Out in the road as far as the eye could see were the regiments, and back of us they were still coming. The roads were frightfully muddy, but I heard no one complain. Some of them even took it as a good joke.

When we had reached the foot of the hill we were ordered to halt and rest for a few minutes. Soldiers were everywhere,



day, and the standard of proud Castile had been for some brief period trailed in seventeenth-century dust, but they found a new place to put it, and even after the navy had annihilated Cervera, and the army had received a promise of surrender from Linares, they raised the "bull-fighter's bandero" and flaunted it over our devoted heads. But one day it came down to stay. It was nine o'clock on Sunday, July 17th—please notice that Sunday is our lucky day: Sunday we bottled Cervera, Sunday we slew his fleet, Sunday Santiago surrendered, and Sunday Dewey whipped the Manila fleet—we were wondering in a vague sort of way when the surrender would actually take place, when suddenly we saw the flag come down. There was a yell of applause, and then active work began to get the boats down so we could go in and look at the fortifications against which we had thrown tons of ammunition amounting to a million or more of dollars.

We went in and we looked and examined with great care. We saw tons of steel projectiles, or parts of steel projectiles, that had been thrown from American ships. We saw almost undisturbed earthworks and rifle-pits, and we saw one broken seventeenth-century gun and a newly-made barbed-wire-fenced cemetery with a rude black wooden cross marking it as consecrated ground, and that is all we found as the result of four bombardments costing the government millions of dollars. It was the old story of bombardments of fleets against earthworks being unsuccessful and unwarranted, unless to cover the advance of troops or the destruction of a city.

Against these fortifications had been massed ten ships with the highest-power modern guns and the best gunners in the world. In the fortifications were bronze muzzle-loading cannon and cast-iron mortars. On the eastern battery, where the *New York*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *New Orleans*, and *Indiana* had used their great guns, was not a modern gun, and it was evident that the gunners withdrew when the ships opened fire. On the western battery, where the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, and *Texas* used their guns, were two modern six-inch rifles, and in Punta Gorda battery, just back of it, two more big guns.

Morro, reminding you inside of an Anthony Hope novelistic interior, showed the effect of big shells, and the light-house and a dwelling had been shattered by a great explosion of dynamite thrown by the *Vesuvius*. Over old Estrella battery a shell had exploded, destroying part of a house and magazine. I got the photographs of these points sent herewith, although the day was not propitious.

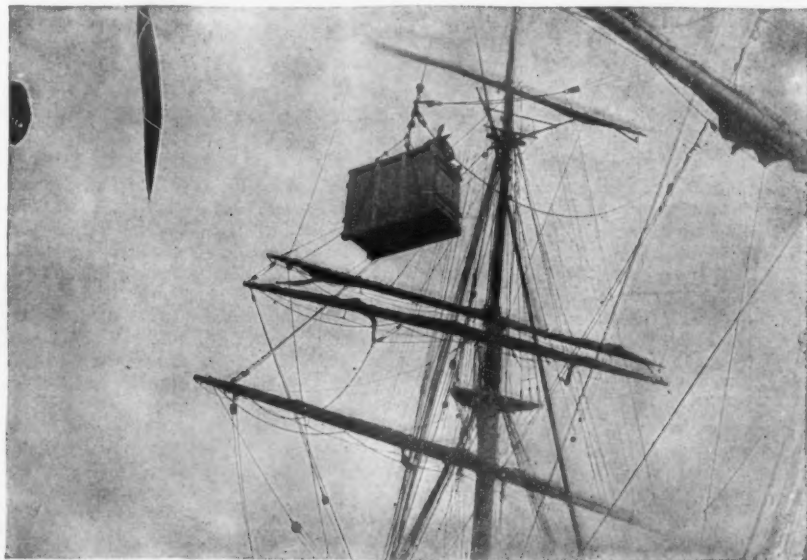
GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

### An Interesting Experiment.

SHIPPING ARMY HORSES AND MULES TO MANILA ON A SAILING-VESSEL—ELABORATE PRECAUTIONS TO INSURE THEIR SAFETY AND COMFORT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5th, 1898.—All over the world students of military progress and of transportation problems are watching the unique and costly experiment of the United States government with the sailing-ship *Tacoma*, now in the stream and about to sail for Manila. Her cargo consists of 210 army horses and mules, carefully selected for the purpose. In charge of the shipment is Lieutenant Cameron, Fourth Cavalry, United States Army, who has a working force of thirty picked men of the Fourth Cavalry, eighteen civilian teamsters, a surgeon, and an expert veterinary, besides an engineer and a crew of eighteen men. The ship, an American clipper with a record as a speed-maker, has been most elaborately fitted up, and in preparing for the experiment money has been spent with a free hand. It is estimated that even if all the horses and mules are landed at Manila alive they will have cost the government not less than \$400 each, whereas an offer was made by a responsible New Zealand firm to supply live-stock of the same grade at Manila for \$150 a head.



HOISTING THE ANIMALS ABOARD THE SHIP.

While the government wanted first-class beasts of burden for the army in the Philippines, it wanted also to determine by actual experiment the practicability of sending horses long distances by sea—a thing that no government has undertaken on any such scale. The *Tacoma* was chartered at \$200 a day, and horses suited to cavalry purposes and fine mules were bought, the former coming from as far east as New Jersey and the mules chiefly from St. Louis. The horses cost, on the average, \$150 and the mules \$125. In order to make the *Tacoma* a commodious floating stable a false deck was built from the break of the poop to the topgallant forecastle, flush with the top of the after-house. Under this, on the main deck and down in the 'tween-decks, are a total of 210 stalls constructed of smooth, rounded timbers, so placed that the chests, croups, and flanks of the four-footed passengers are at all times in close contact with them,

there being not enough room for the motion of the ship to throw the horses heavily against the stalls. In addition there is above each stall a pulley, from which a sling of stout canvas two feet wide passes under the belly of the horse. The plan is to rest the animals after storms, or when they show signs of exhaustion, by lifting them a little off their feet. The stall-floors are provided with cleats so as to give a sure footing in heavy weather. Aisles run along each row of stalls with tracks for the passage of hand-cars carrying hay and feed. The passage-ways on both decks are so arranged as to provide continuous tracks 300 feet long, on which the animals may be exercised daily during fair weather. The feed-troughs are of galvanized iron of varying sizes, so that they "nest" and save room when not in use. Intakes, pipes, and faucets provide facilities for flushing with salt water, and a condensing plant on the false deck, forward of the main hatch, furnishes the fresh water. It has a capacity of 2,000 gallons a day, while the ship will need only about 1,500 gallons. A powerful dynamo supplies 110 sixteen-candle power incandescent lights and a number of portable fans for ventilation, and in the forward hatch are two large wind-sails, so that there will be no lack of fresh air below. There is also a veterinary hospital, with beds in roomy box-stalls for four equine patients.

Lieutenant Cameron estimates that under favorable conditions the *Tacoma* can make the run to Manila in fifty days. She will be met when she nears the islands by a steamer of the expeditionary fleet, which will tow her through what is known as the short passage to her destination.

ERNEST T. SIMPSON.

### Bury Them in Their Native Land.

A TOUCHING APPEAL IN BEHALF OF OUR SOLDIERS WHO LIE BURIED IN CUBA.

GUANTANAMO BAY, SOUTHERN CUBA, August 9th, 1898.—The six hundred marines of the United States Navy who made the first large American landing in Cuba after a bloody fight, marched out of the intrenchments they had made, took up their white tents, and went aboard the *Resolute*, intending to make a landing at the Isle of Pines, just south of Havana.

They left on the dusty, hot hillside six comrades and two brave sailors. The bivouac that these eight will keep under the tropical sun and 'neath the brilliancy of the Southern Cross will be a silent, defenseless one. It will be the bivouac of the dead. Silent mounds of red, sun-parched earth, marked by simple white boards, designate the sleeping-place of such brave men as Dr. Gibbs, who was shot dead in the first marine attack, and brave Ellis of the *Brooklyn*, who died on the fore-castle of the great cruiser during the fight with Cervera.

On their and their companions' graves beats down day after day the unscreened tropical sun. At night the welcome dew from star-laden skies wet the parched earth. The sea croons a melody of sorrow at the foot of the cliffs. The parrot disturbs the stillness with shrill cries. Soon no human being's step will be heard, and the bivouac of silence will be unbroken save for the sea's chant and the wild bird's forced gayety. Some may find the silence a proper shroud for the graves; some may find beauty in the cliffs, the waving palms, and the sea. Perhaps their unbroken sleep is peaceful and speaks of content. Truly,

"No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn nor screaming file  
At dawn shall call to arms."

But they rest on stranger soil, far from the land of their birth, their allegiance, and those that held and, with a grateful nation, still hold them dear. Their place of true rest is in the soil over which waves the flag for which they fought. Of them it must be said as Theodore O'Hara wrote in his famous poem written when the dead were moved from Mexico to Kentucky:

"Sons of the Dark and Bloody  
Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest  
spoil—  
The ashes of her brave."

Will not those who are projecting entertainments and presents for Spanish prisoners turn their attention to this subject and see that our soldier-dead are buried in their own country? I have told of but one spot where our honored ones are buried. Up in the hills is another spot where lie over a hundred of our brave dead, near the trenches where they died. This applies to them.

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

### Life-insurance Queries.

I HAVE advised my readers repeatedly, when they have inquired concerning the responsibility of certain insurance companies and associations, that much depends upon the character of their management. Recently, at Springfield, Massachusetts, the receivers of the defunct Bay State Beneficiary Association, an assessment concern, filed suits against ex-officials of the association to recover \$300,000. The receivers allege that the former officers of the association failed to account for amounts aggregating over \$100,000; that at one time some of the officials

sold the rights of the company to a Boston clique for \$90,000, and that, later, they were sold back to Westfield parties at \$70,000, and that the rights of thousands of members were thus used for mere speculative purposes. It is also alleged that, without notice to other members, pretended amendments to the by-laws were made, so as to give the insiders an opportunity to take advantage of those who were not in the ring. Diversion of funds, an unnecessary increase of assessments, and other charges, are embraced in the allegations. All of this tends to prove that the great life insurance companies, such as those in New York, which have become financial institutions of the highest character, are more safely to be trusted than little mushroom concerns, officered by anybody and everybody, and run without regard either to public opinion or private rights. The financial standing in the business world of the Mutual Life, the New York Life, and the Equitable of New York is beyond all question, and for that reason I feel entirely safe in recommending them, though I have not the slightest interest in any of these concerns, and never expect to have any.

"S." Saginaw, Michigan, says he is about to take out a policy in the Tribe of Ben-Hur, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and that he is guaranteed that his policy will be paid up in forty-one and a half years. He asks if I think they can maintain the level premium of \$7.50 per year, if they pay their death claims, and if they can mature his policy in forty-one and a half years. I answer, No, to the first and third questions. The association is not one of the largest, and its ability to pay its death claims promptly will depend upon its management, the amount of its assessments, and the addition of new members.

"H. P." Chicago, writes that he has been a member of the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, but finally became tired of the increasing assessments and refused to pay them. The association then asked him to return his certificate of membership, or policy, so that it might be canceled, although its by-laws provide that the non-payment of an assessment within ten days after it is due involves the forfeiture of membership in the association. "H. P." asks if he will incur any liability by failing to forward his certificate. I do not see how this would affect his status. If he returns his certificate he should certainly receive a receipt for it, but a notification that he has withdrawn his membership ought to be sufficient. "H. P." writes: "I have taken your advice and secured a policy in the New York Life. I am disgusted with assessment concerns." It may take some time for the members of assessment companies to understand that cheap insurance is neither permanent nor profitable, but the more quickly they reach that conclusion, the better it will be for them from the money-making and the money-saving standpoint.

"G." Everett, Pennsylvania: I find no record that the Western Mutual Life Association, of Chicago, does business in this State or files a report with our State superintendent of insurance.

"E. J." Chicago: (1) I do not know whether the Chosen Friends pays in full or not. Its last annual report shows losses and claims paid during 1897, ten; unpaid, five. (2) I think an increase will be necessary. (3) I would withdraw. (4) Do not understand this question. (5) The policies or certificates reported in force at the close of 1895 numbered 1,442, and at the close of 1897, 1,369.

*The Hermit.*

### Financial—Hints for Money-makers.

WE are assured of large crops, but the question now is as to our markets for them. Other countries report excellent harvests, and so great is the wheat crop in parts of Europe that the demand for agricultural implements has exceeded the supply, and new flour-mills are being built. The low price for wheat in this country means a demand for lower freight rates and a keener competition between the railroads. Hostilities have ceased but the treaty of peace has not been signed and there may be unexpected complications before the signatures are secured. The result of the fall elections cannot be forecast with certainty and we all know what would be the result if the election of the new Congress should put into power men of questionable views on financial subjects. I would be more hopeful of a boom in prices if everybody on Wall Street was not predicting one. Under the cover of such predictions I have too often, in the past, recognized that an opportunity was being sought to unload stocks.

"P." Oakdale, Long Island: All of the stocks you mention are looked upon favorably for speculative purposes, though some of them are pretty high at present. I would prefer Consolidated Ice common, around forty, because it is now paying dividends. The Atchafalaya, preferred, too, has many friends. The present condition of the market makes trading on a margin extremely hazardous.

"S." New York: The Big Four, Chesapeake and Ohio, are in favor with those who believe in higher prices. If bought on reaction and held, they ought to make a neat profit.

"R." Syracuse, asks if the increase of the Burlington dividend to one and one-half per cent. quarterly, making it a six-per-cent. stock, does not indicate that all the grangers are bound to have a decided rise, and if I would not advise him to purchase them, even at the prevailing high prices. It seems to me that what are called the "grangers" and all the other dividend-payers are pretty near high-water mark. Speculation is more likely to drift toward the lower-priced securities. They always have their day and it generally comes last, but when it does come those who have bought them at the low level of a waiting market make a much larger profit than they would by the purchase of investment securities. The only safe way to buy these low priced stocks, however, is to pay for them outright, and one should be able to hold them indefinitely, if necessary, in order to win.

"A." Ashland, Kentucky: (1) The consolidation of the Manhattan Elevated and Metropolitan Traction companies was anticipated last winter, but legislation favorable to it failed to be enacted. It is one of the things that will probably happen, but just when, no one can predict. It will of course be greatly beneficial to both. (2) Consolidated Ice common. (3) Never advise short sales. (4) I think well of Chesapeake and Ohio.

"R." St. Louis, writes that he has made some money on his purchase of Atchafalaya preferred on my advice. He wants to know what I think of Missouri Pacific. My impression is that there is money in it unless the entire market gets a set-back.

"J. V. N." Philadelphia, asks if I think Missouri Pacific is fairly safe for an advance of from eight to ten points, and what I consider to be a good margin on it. I would buy no low-priced stocks on a margin. Pay for what you take, and take less and run no risk. If the present tendency of the market holds, Missouri Pacific should sell considerably higher.

"P." Tucson, Arizona: At the price named I would sell.

"S." Saratoga: You paid too much at the outset. The stock is clearly manipulated. I would sell at once.

JASPER.

### "Can I Speak With You?"

"How," is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and forward it, with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.

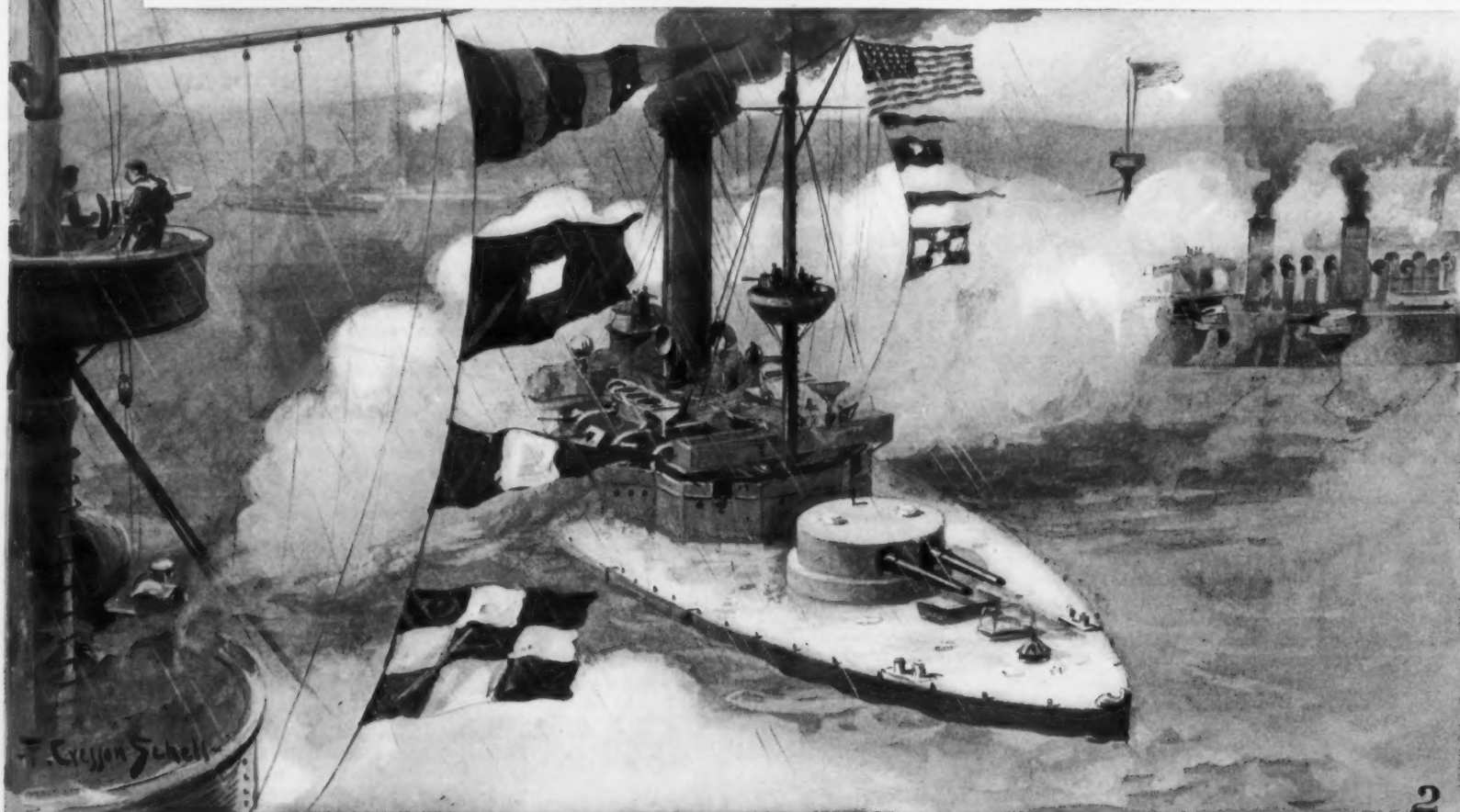
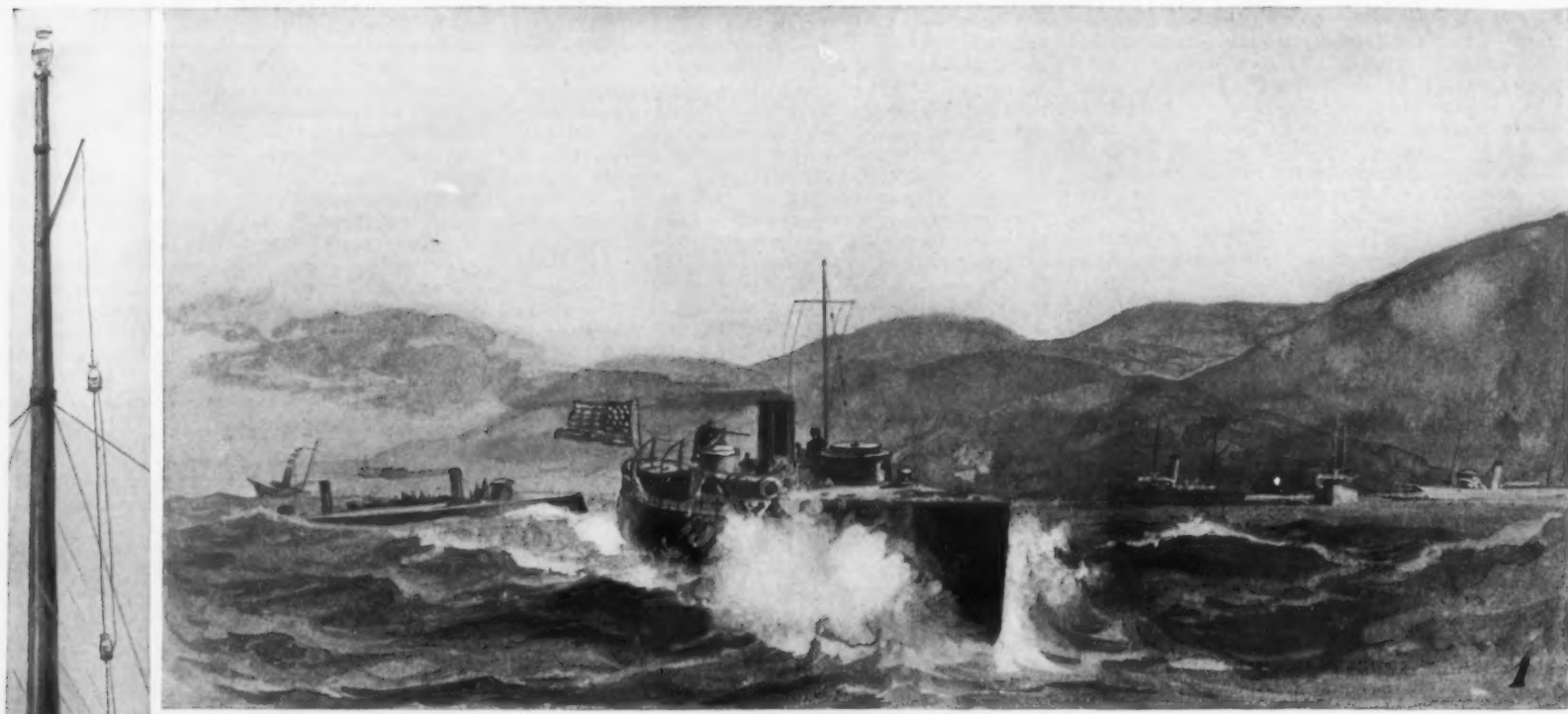
### A VALUABLE BOOK.

"INFANT HEALTH" sent out by the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York, proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a valuable book that should be in every home.



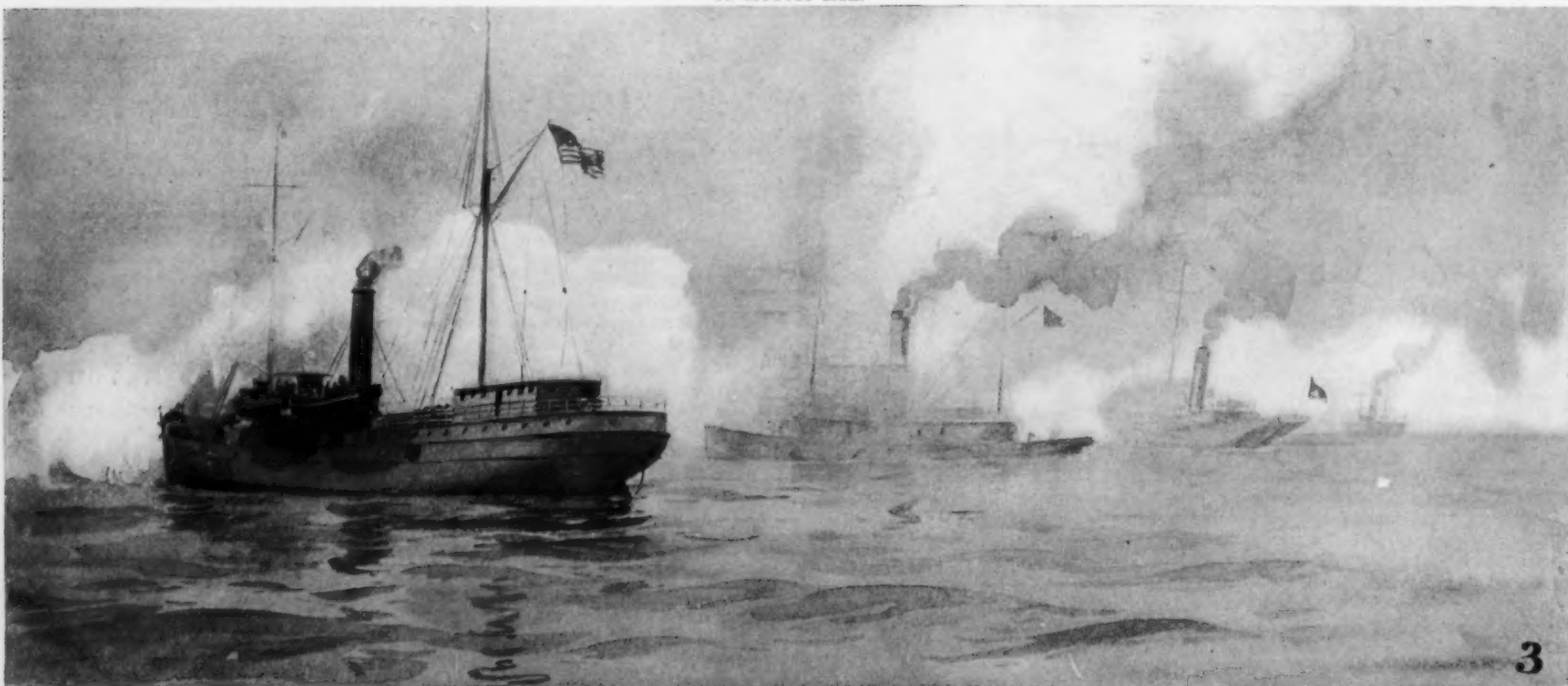
## A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BARELY AVERTED.

AUGUST 12TH THE TORPEDO-BOATS "CUSHING" AND "GWIN" WERE PREPARING TO ATTACK THREE SPANISH GUN-BOATS AT CARDENAS, WHEN THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "STRANGER" HOVE IN SIGHT FLYING SIGNALS THAT PEACE HAD BEEN DECLARED



## DEWEY SETTLES THE FATE OF MANILA.

HE GAVE THE SPANIARDS TWO DAYS TO SURRENDER, AND THEN BOMBARDED THE FORTS, AND WITH THE AID OF THE TROOPS CAPTURED MANILA IN TWO HOURS, ON AUGUST 13TH.



## THE LAST ENGAGEMENT OF THE ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

THE "SUWANEE," "OSCEOLA," "HIST," AND "ALVARADO" BOMBARD MANZANILLO, WEST OF SANTIAGO, AUGUST 12TH.—ON THE 13TH THE SPANIARDS SENT WORD THAT PEACE HAD BEEN DECLARED, AND THE BOMBARDMENT WAS DISCONTINUED.

## THE FINAL NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR.





There is enough wear and tear on the soldier in the field without the discomforts that come from having to use a strong laundry soap. Common brown soaps, when constantly used for washing the person, are extremely irritating.

Ivory Soap is the ideal soap for the camp, suitable for all purposes, for the kitchen utensils, for washing clothes, and for the bath.

Ivory Soap is not easily lost, for it floats.

Copyright, 1906, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.



**B. Altman & Co.**  
New York.

Have just completed extensive alterations on their Third Floor, affording increased facilities in their Custom Dressmaking, Trimmed Millinery, Objects of Art, Oriental Rugs and Carpets, Upholstery and Art Needlework Departments.

The Sense of Heat and Fatigue will quickly vanish after a bath with

**Glenn's  
Sulphur Soap**

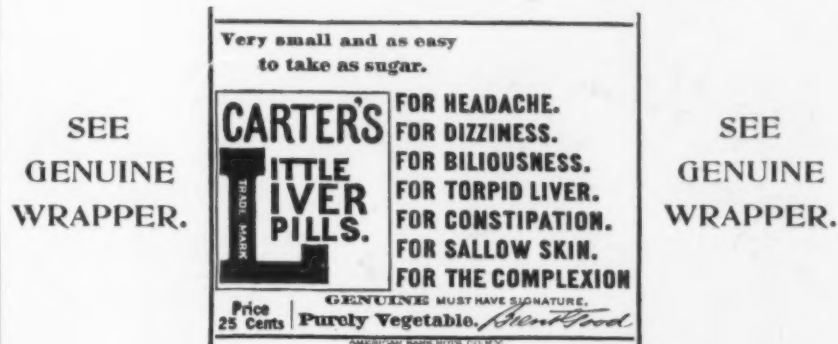
It removes impurities and cures the disagreeable itching skin eruptions so common in the summer time.

CAUTION:—Glenn's Sulphur Soap (the only "original") is incomparable and wonderful in its remedial effects. Take no other. Of druggists.

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio

## Absolute Security

Genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS  
Must Bear Signature of Brent Good.



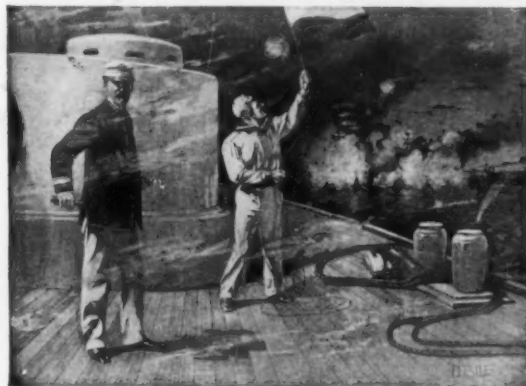
"PRINTED ON RED PAPER."

## WAR PICTURES TO FRAME.

On Heavy Plate Paper. The Finest Half-Tone Engravings.

From Drawings Made at the Seat of War by the Famous War Artists of Leslie's Weekly.

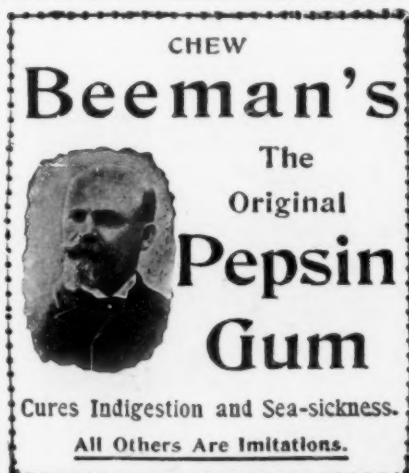
Price, 10 cents Each, or the Series of 6 for 50 cents.



### SUBJECTS.

COMMODORE SCHLEY ON THE DECK OF THE BROOKLYN.....Size, 14x22 inches  
ADMIRAL SAMPSON ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS FLAG-SHIP, NEW YORK.....Size, 14x22 inches  
ADMIRAL DEWEY AS HE FOUGHT THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF MANILA.....Size, 12x19 inches  
THE CREW ON BOARD THE MONTGOMERY CHEERING A PASSING VESSEL.....Size, 12x19 inches  
FIRING THE BIG GUNS ON A BATTLE-SHIP.....Size, 12x19 inches  
THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.....Size, 12x19 inches

ADDRESS ARKELL PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.



**LANTERN SLIDES of the WAR WITH SPAIN.**  
Exclusive use of Pictures appearing in LESLIE'S WEEKLY.  
Cuba, War-ships, Travel, History, Natives and Customs, Religions, Illustrated Hymns and Songs. Lecture Sets with Descriptive Readings. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.  
WILLIAM H. RAU.  
1324 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS  
**LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

For Rates Address  
WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,  
110 Fifth Ave., New York.



**LONDON (ENGLAND).**  
**THE LANCHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

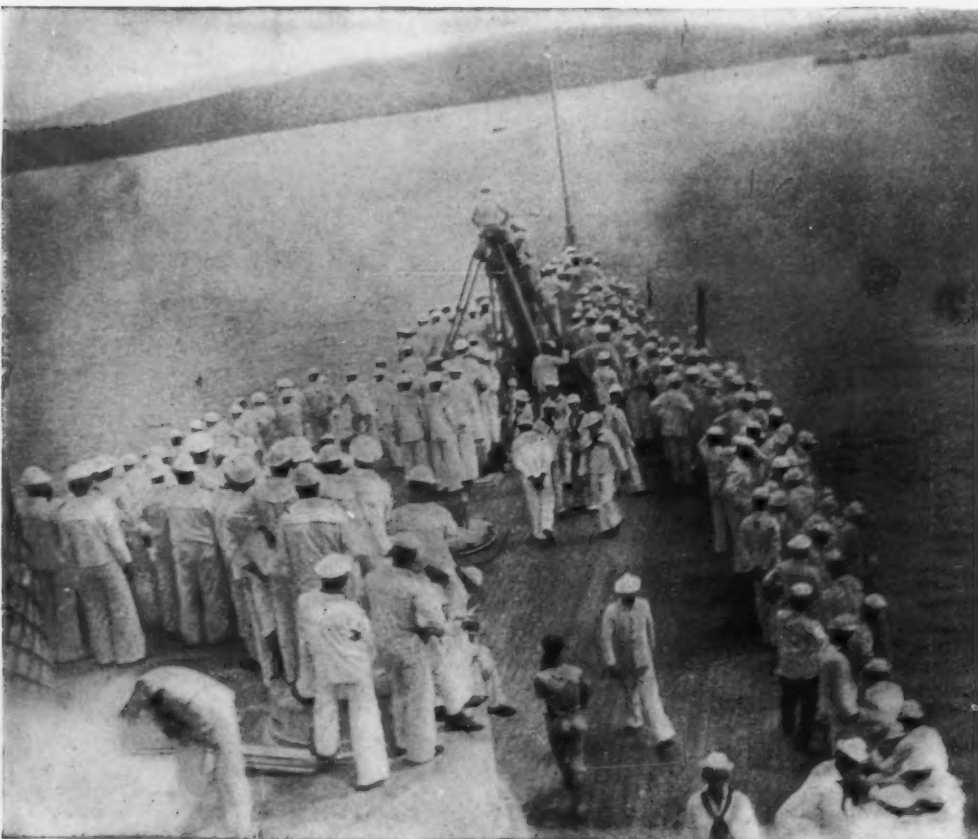




REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S MEN ON THE "BROOKLYN" CHEERING THE "LITTLE VIXEN" AFTER THE SURRENDER OF CERVERA'S FLEET.



FRIGHTFUL EFFECT OF A DYNAMITE SHELL FROM THE "VESUVIUS" ON MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO.



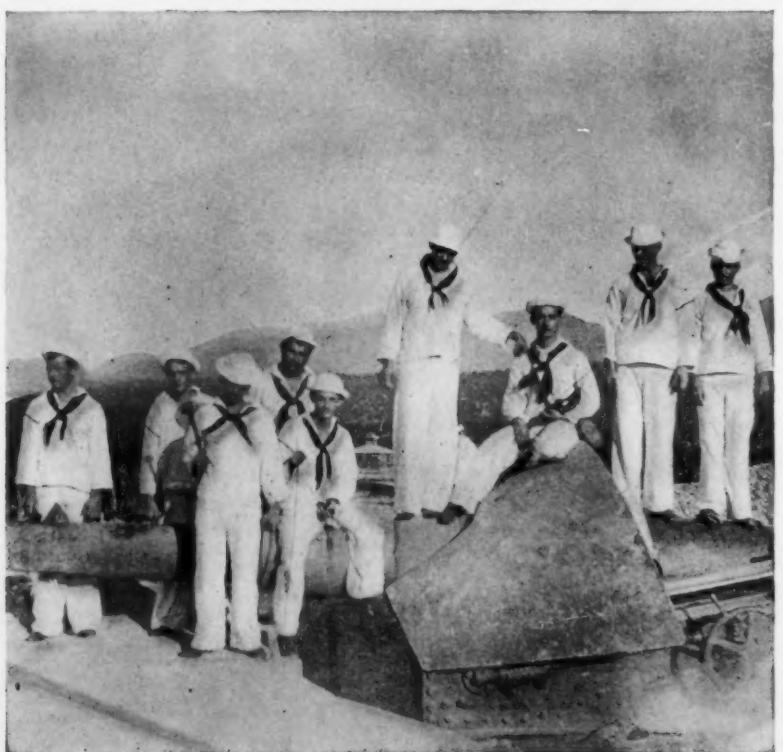
CREW OF THE "BROOKLYN" DRESSED UP AND "TAKING IT EASY" AFTER THE TERRIFIC FIGHT WITH CERVERA'S FLEET.



LIGHT-HOUSE AT MORRO, SANTIAGO, DESTROYED BY A THIRTEEN-INCH SHELL FROM ONE OF OUR BATTLE-SHIPS.



HUT AT SANTIAGO FROM WHICH THE SPANIARDS EXPLODED THE MINES IN THE HARBOR.



MEN FROM THE "BROOKLYN" SITTING IN TRIUMPH ON A SPANISH GUN IN THE SANTIAGO FORTIFICATIONS.

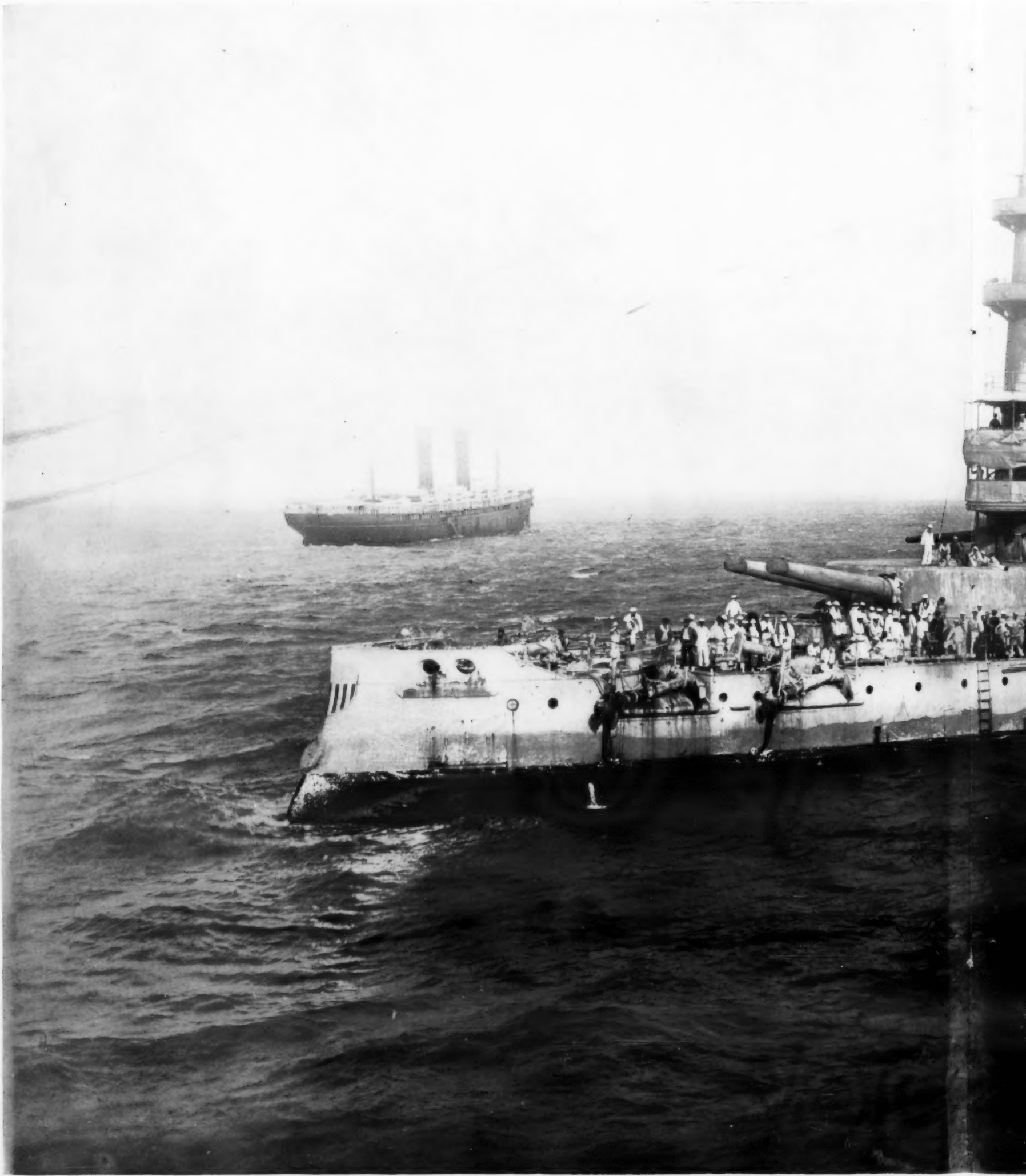
### AFTER THE SPANISH FLEET WAS ANNIHILATED.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS AND HOW THEY MADE THEIR SHOTS TELL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY G. E. GRAHAM, JUST BEFORE REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET LEFT SANTIAGO.—[SEE PAGE 194.]









Copyright, 1898, by J. C. Hemment.

THE "OREGON," THE BULL-  
AS SHE APPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF CERV



E'S WEEKLY.



E BULL-DOG OF THE NAVY.

CTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET, IN WHICH SHE TOOK A LEADING PART.









### The Best is the Cheapest

*Rae's Olive Oil is both the best and cheapest, quality considered.*

The Chemical Analysis of S. Rae & Co.'s Finest Sublime Lucca Oil, made Sept. 15th, 1896, by the Lédoux Chemical Laboratory, declares it to be "unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of Superior Quality and Flavor."

**S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.**

Established 1836.

**COMFORT**  
secured by using the  
**Improved Washburne  
Patent Fasteners**

applied to:  
Bachelors Buttons,  
Fencil Holders,  
Eye-glass Holders.  
Sample of any of the  
above sent postpaid for  
10 cents.  
Rose Supporters,  
Cuff Holders.  
Drawers Supporters.  
Pair of any of these for  
20 cents postpaid.  
Key Chains.  
Sample sent for 25 cents.  
These little articles are  
simple, with nothing about  
them to break or get out of  
order. Hold with bull-dog  
tenacity, but don't tear the fab-  
ric.  
Their utility makes them  
an absolute necessity.

Free! Handsomely Illustrated Booklet sent on request.  
**AMERICAN RING CO.**  
Box 88. Waterbury, Conn.

**The Club  
Cocktails**  
MANHATTAN,  
MARTINI, WHISKEY,  
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,  
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE  
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO  
SERVE IN PERFECT  
CONDITION, POUR  
OVER CRACKED ICE,  
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR  
AND STRAIN OFF.

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN.,  
AND 20 PICCADILLY W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Advertise in  
**LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

## NAPOLEON, The Man of Destiny.

Leslie's Weekly presents to its readers a sumptuous and massive volume entitled

### NAPOLEON'S VICTORIES,

consisting of the Authentic Memoirs of Capt. Charles Parquin, of the Imperial Guard, from Austerlitz to Waterloo.

Beyond all question this is the most magnificent historical art work ever brought out in this country. It contains over two hundred superb engravings designed expressly for this work, together with a series of Magnificent Colored Plates, by Boussoa, Valadou et Cie, Paris, prepared for this famous house by such renowned French artists as De Mybach, Dupray Walker, Sargent, and Roy. This statement alone will make lovers of the beautiful eager for the work, but we may also add that the drawings of these great artists have been reproduced for "Napoleon's Victories" by a new and secret process, which preserves every touch of the artist's individuality, and is the embodiment of all that is perfect in art. The text of the work will be regarded as a unique and precious contribution to Napoleonic literature. It is the

#### PLAIN UNVARNISHED TALE

of a soldier, thrilling from its very simplicity, and while bringing the reader into direct contact with the overshadowing personality of Napoleon, it spreads out before him the whole mighty drama of the Napoleonic epoch.

#### AN UNPRECEDENTED OPPORTUNITY.

The work contains more than 300 pages, size 11x13½ inches, printed on extra-heavy enameled paper, and in point of binding and typographical appearance is artistically perfect. Complete in one Imperial Folio Volume, bound in full Morocco, full Gilt Edges.

Former price, \$16.00 cash. Now sold only in combination with **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, and delivered prepaid on payment of \$1.00. Balance payable \$1.00 each month for 11 months. Address **Leslie's Weekly (Book Dept.)**, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

#### ARKELL PUBLISHING CO

Inclosed find \$1.00, for which enter my name for one year's subscription to **Leslie's Weekly**, and ship, express prepaid, one copy "Napoleon's Victories," bound in full Morocco. (Subject to examination and return.) I agree to pay \$1.00 each month until \$12.00 in all are paid.

Signed, \_\_\_\_\_

#### HIS DILEMMA.

**FARMER HORNBEAK**—"I don't know how to use this medicine. The label on the bottle is so blurred that I can't make it out."

**Mrs. Hornbeak**—"Can't you kinder guess at it?"

**Farmer Hornbeak**—"Wa-al, I don't like to take the risk. I've tasted and smelled of it and rubbed on a little, and I'm afraid if I apply it externally it will pain infernally, and if I take it internally it will settle me eternally. I guess I'd better give it away."—*Judge.*

#### A CONVENIENT TRANSFER.

"BUT suppose," said the pessimistic Spaniard, "that America should conquer Spain and take possession of the entire country?"

"I am fully prepared for that," replied the able Spanish editor. "I have an article already in type saying that Spain has taken possession of the United States and will transfer her capital from Madrid to Washington."—*Judge.*

Use **BROWN'S** Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

A ROYAL road to good digestion—via Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters. Good for the stomach, pleasant to taste. Get only the genuine—Abbott's.

EXCEPTIONAL durability, combined with perfection of tone and touch, make the Sohmer Piano peculiarly adapted to the use of pupils and teachers in establishments where piano-playing is taught.

NOTHING contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of **Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.**

**Advice to Mothers:** **MRS. WINSLOW'S** SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

#### ATLANTIC CITY VIA PHILADELPHIA AND READING ROUTE.

SEND a two-cent stamp to **Edson J. Weeks**, General Passenger Agent Philadelphia and Reading Railway, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and receive by return mail an illustrated booklet on Atlantic City, giving list of hotels and boarding-houses, as well as other information of value. Please note also that frequent fast trains equipped with Pullman parlor-cars and latest improved modern coaches run between Philadelphia and New York City via Philadelphia and Reading route.

**"THE ONLY DENTIFRICE OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION."**  
*SARAH BERNHARDT.*

**Sozodont**  
FOR THE  
TEETH AND BREATH

SAMPLE 3 CENTS.  
P.O. BOX 247,  
N.Y. CITY.

NEW YORK. HALL & RUCKEL. LONDON.  
MENTION THIS PUBLICATION.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. **STOP CHEWING!** Buy **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1; usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. **Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.**

#### ALMOST A SPANISH VICTORY.

**STRANGER** (in Spain)—"I understand that yesterday you celebrated the capture of New York City. Is it possible that New York has fallen?"

**Spanish official**—"No, it was a mistake. You see, the officers on our fleet got all mixed up on their latitude—clear turned around—and supposed they had reached New York. They bombarded the place a whole day, and then boldly ventured on shore and raised the glorious standard of Spain. The place afterward proved to be an uninhabited point on the South American coast."—*Judge.*

**With**

Long unbroken connection with the leading newspapers and magazines in the United States.  
Ample Credit and Capital.  
An expenditure among publishers of many millions of dollars.  
A competent staff of co-workers in all departments.  
All requirements necessary to a well regulated and responsible agency.  
A clientele of the highest character, whose success in advertising has gone along with the growth of our agency and whose RECOMMENDATIONS ARE EMPHATIC.

#### We Claim the Following Important Requisites:

<b>1. Credit</b>	HIGHEST WITH PUBLISHERS.
<b>2. Experience</b>	Longest uninterrupted success and greatest prestige of all Advertising Agencies.
<b>3. Judgment</b>	Competent to advise as to the fitness of mediums for the business advertised.
<b>4. Knowledge</b>	Essential as to the comparative importance and circulation of mediums.
<b>5. Originality</b>	In preparing and illustrating copy.
<b>6. Painsstaking Care</b>	A necessity in the execution of orders.
<b>7. Rates</b>	THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

We respectfully solicit correspondence and interviews.

## Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency

Head Office: 38 Park Row, New York. Telephone 2243 Cortlandt.

BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Mass., 194 Washington St. (Devonshire Building.) Telephone No. 3279-2, Boston. London, England: 75 Queen Victoria St. Cable Address: Xutcanri, New York.





PROVISIONARY FORCES.

FIRST MULE—"Why weepest thou—bad news from Cuba of our forces?"  
SECOND MULE—"Yep; they say we are being cut to pieces at Havana, in steak lengths."

# STEVENS



FAVORITE NO. 17.

"STEVENS FAVORITE" RIFLE.

"Take Down" model, 22-inch barrel, weight 4½ pounds. Carefully bored and tested. For .22, .25 and .32 rim-fire cartridges.

- 17, Plain open sights, \$6.00
- 18, Target sights, \$8.50
- 19, Lyman sights, \$9.00

Ask your dealer for the "FAVORITE." If he doesn't keep it, we will send, prepaid, on receipt of price.

Send stamp for our complete catalogue.

**J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.,**  
POST-OFFICE BOX 200,  
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

**The Improved BOSTON GARTER**

adds neatness and comfort to the wearing of **LOW SHOES**

Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles

**DOES NOT BIND**

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

Lies Flat to the leg and cannot unfasten accidentally

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

Sample Pair: Silk, 50c; Cotton, 25c.

**GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

**EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS**  
BEST IN THE WORLD

**MONEY**

is not more surely a defence against poverty than technical knowledge that can always be converted into money. You can learn now without leaving home. Success guaranteed. Best text books free.

**STEAM ENGINEERING**

Bridge, Electrical or Civil Engineering; Mathematics; Chemistry; Mining; Architectural or Mechanical Drawing; Surveying; Plumbing; Architecture; Metal Pattern Drafting; Prospecting; Book-keeping; Short-hand; English Branches

**TAUGHT BY MAIL**

Circular free. State subject you wish to study. Estab. 1891. 45,000 students and graduates.

**The International Correspondence Schools,**  
Box 1158 Scranton, Pa.

**\$2.00 a Month**

When you buy all tobacco cigarettes insist on having the best quality the best made the best value the best smoke. you can get all these in the popular

## Van Bibber Little Cigars

They are made of the finest quality of imported whole leaf tobacco — are made as "perfectly" as any cigar in the world — burn evenly — do not bite the tongue, and are always the same.

25c. for 10.

H. ELLIS & Co., Baltimore, Md.  
The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

# VICI

## Leather Dressing

The best Shoe Dressing in the world. The genuine is made only by Robert H. Foerderer, Philadelphia, manufacturer of the famous

## VICI KID

Ask your dealer for Vici Leather Dressing, and be sure the trademark with the name of the maker, is on each box or bottle. Imitations may ruin your shoes.

A book about buying, wearing and caring for shoes, mailed free. Address **ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philada., Pa.**

**KLONDIKE NECESSITIES**

Under certain circumstances a heavy calibre

**SMITH & WESSON**

may be of more value than your nuggets. Don't take any chances.

Catalogue of desirable weapons for heavy use mailed on application.

**SMITH & WESSON,**  
17 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

THE CELEBRATED

# SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine **SOHMER** Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—  
**S-O-H-M-E-R**

New York  
Warehouses.  
**SOHMER BUILDING**  
Fifth Ave., cor. 22d St.

# GOLD SEAL

## CHAMPAGNE

### URBANA WINE CO

✿✿✿

The American Wine that  
all good Americans  
swear by.

ALWAYS ALIKE.  
ALWAYS RIGHT.

Try it once and you will ever after be its friend and advocate, preferring it to foreign vintages.

✿✿✿

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

## Are You Weak, Tired, Worn Out, Depressed?

THEN TRY

# VIN MARIANI

**MARIANI WINE--The Famous Tonic for Body and Brain**  
MARIANI WINE gives strength to the nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It braces body and brain. It has been endorsed by the medical faculty all over the world.

**JULES CLARETIE,**  
The World-Famous Author and General  
Administrator of the Comedie  
Francaise, Writes:



Vin Mariani gives to the body and brain renewed vitality. It is a supreme remedy for artists and brain-workers. Schopenhauer, whose greatness of mind is not disputed, would certainly have been even more brilliant and less bitter if he had had in his Frankfort abode an ample supply of this delicious wine.

**JULES CLARETIE.**

**FOR OVERWORKED MEN,  
DELICATE WOMEN,  
SICKLY CHILDREN,  
MARIANI WINE  
WORKS WONDERS.**

**MALARIA: Mariani Wine  
is a sovereign remedy for  
Malaria.**

*SPECIAL OFFER:—To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., mentioning this paper, will be sent, free, book containing portraits and autographs of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other distinguished personages, giving interesting details regarding VIN MARIANI.*

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York.  
Paris—41 Boulevard Haussmann;  
London—83 Mortimer Street;  
Montreal—28-30 Hospital Street

SARATOGA,  
THOUSAND ISLANDS,  
ADIRONDACK  
MOUNTAINS.

The greatest of American health and pleasure resorts are directly reached by the through parlor and sleeping cars of the New York Central. The service by this great line is elegant and luxurious in every particular, strictly maintaining the apt title bestowed upon it of "America's Greatest Railroad."

For a book or folder descriptive of the above resorts, together with the time and rates of fare, send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

**MONTEBELLO BRUT 1880---Finest and Oldest Champagne on the Market.**